



THE
**FAMILY
FRIEND.**

1857-8.



LONDON:
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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LONDON:

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PREFACE.

AMIDST all the troubled waters of the present warlike and panic-stricken times, where shall *we* find rest for the sole of our foot? and who will accept *this* olive branch of peace and goodwill? Yet, public activity, and joy, and grief, must have their quiet intervals, though it may be few and far between; then, perhaps, an old Family Friend may be welcomed once more, and happy times renewed with old familiar faces.

And now viewing our past and present performances, as in a lengthened tapestry roll of the antique fashion, on which industrious fingers worked continuously from year to year, we ask ourselves anxiously—have we wrought well *this* portion of our storied web?—are the colours as fresh and tastefully assorted—the patterns as harmonious, truthful, pure and graphic, as heretofore? In other words, have we worthily maintained our title to the honoured position we have so long occupied in the homes of England? We make no pause for a reply,—that has been given to our highest satisfaction in the continued increase of our subscribers, and the steadfastness of those who have been with us from the commencement of our long and successful career.

Often, when we have reflected on the vast number of readers of intelligence and refinement to whom we have so long been a household minister, we have inquired what has been the secret of this rare success? and the only solution we could find was this—that we have been in *earnest* with our work—that we have religiously adhered to the object and principles with which we commenced—that we have introduced nothing in our pages unfitting for the sacred precincts of the domestic temple.

Without boasting, we may say of the volume now respectfully submitted to the reader, that, while in the quality of its mental stores it is not inferior to any of its predecessors, it takes its own ground for variety of topic and

profusion of illustration. We may also observe, that, whilst we have paid careful attention to household utilities, it has been our extreme care to appeal also to the deeper emotions and higher faculties of the mind.

But with all we have done, have we exhausted the field of usefulness? Far from it. We feel the force of that old but true lesson of philosophy, that the more we discover the more we perceive remains to be discovered; and therefore do we hope, year by year, to add to our usefulness and importance; therefore do we assure our friends, that we do not purpose to live upon the reputation of the past, but shall open up new sources of intellectual recreation, and carve out new treasures from the mines of literary wealth by which we are surrounded. The very existence of most of which, and the extent and value of it all, remains popularly unknown. In the meantime—

Our thoughts will still be burning
With affection deep and strong;
To our household shrine still turning,
"Home, sweet home," shall be our song.

In once more taking leave of our friends, we hope the approaching Christmas will come to them redolent with joy, and the advancing year bear on its wings greater blessings to them than its predecessor.

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CHAPTERS ON WEDDING DAYS.

No. 9.—FRANK NETHERBY: OR WOOING BY TELEGRAPH!



"All went merry as a marriage-bell!"

SOME men leap into matrimony, as if they were about to take a plunge in the dark, and cared not to scan beforehand the dangers to which they might be exposed. The waking-up which follows such a precipitate step is not always the most agreeable. Some people glide into the chains of Hymen gracefully—sentimentally—as if they were about to enact a sort of life poem, full of thrilling incidents and rapturous delights. Need we say that they

soon discover married life to be a far more prosaic affair than they had imagined, and that they occasionally feel the pressure of thorns amid the roses of their daily path. Some people walk deliberately into matrimony as into a state which must be ventured on once in a life, and which is likely to prove, on the whole, a very tolerable condition,—with its due proportion of cares and comforts, of sorrows and of joys. Such people often make what are called "sensible matches," and, if they do not enjoy much of the sunshine of life, neither do they encounter many of its storms. Now Frank Netherby, the hero of my present "chapter," did not choose any of these common-place modes of getting married,—he telegraphed himself into matrimony! a method which had, at least, the merit of originality to recommend it; and so I think it may interest my readers to hear the story of his Wedding Day.

Frank Netherby was the youngest son of a gentleman of good property, and of some consideration in the county of Sussex. The family estate being entailed on his eldest son, there remained to the junior branches of the family but slender expectations of future wealth. They were, however, rich in the advantages of a good education and of a happy home—blessings

which oftentimes exert their silent influence on the life long after more material riches may have taken to themselves wings and flown away.

Frank was an ardent and impetuous boy, full of strong affections and passionate impulses. He was his mother's darling, and her overweening fondness for him contributed, perhaps, somewhat to increase the natural wilfulness of his character. From his earliest childhood he expressed his determination to enter the navy—a profession which seemed so well suited to his disposition, that his father yielded a ready assent to his wishes; and right joyous was the merry boy, when, at the age of thirteen, he found himself in all the full-blown dignity of a Royal Middy preparing to join his ship, then under orders for the West Indies. The only drawback to his happiness was that there was no likelihood of his encountering a foe, for we were then at peace with the world. A more insidious danger, however, than sword or bullet, awaited our young sailor, who, at the expiration of three years, came home worn and wasted from the effects of West Indian fever. For awhile it seemed that home, with all its affections and enjoyments, had many charms for him; but, with the return of health and

vigour, he became impatient for a more active life,—so that great was his delight on being appointed to a ship then under orders for China, which was at that time the seat of war. In this new sphere of duty, Frank found ample scope for the ardent activity of his nature; and, in the course of his Oriental campaign, distinguished himself more than once by the gallantry of his conduct, which was named with approbation in the despatches of his commander. How eagerly those despatches were devoured at his paternal home, need not be related here. Even the sire of the family acknowledged that this “courage of a boy” was a credit to his name: adding, that “he hoped he might live to drink his health as an admiral.” Nor was the domestic circle less joyous when, at a later period, tidings reached them of the promotion to a lieutenantancy of their “young hero,” and of his consequent withdrawal for awhile from the active duties of his profession,—a circumstance which would allow them the gratification of welcoming him home.

Frank Netherby had scarcely completed his twenty-first year, when he returned home to be idolized by his mother and sisters, and spoiled by the fairer portion of his acquaintances, who, like all others of their sex, had an innate love of glory, and a passionate admiration of all those who had won it on flood or in the battlefield. Like most sailors, Frank was the devoted champion of womankind. Whether she were dark or fair, young or old, if only she were in want of help, she was sure to find in Frank a faithful and “*preux chevalier*.” With such a disposition, it may readily be conceived that Cupid’s shafts had been more than once successfully aimed at our hero’s heart. But these attacks had heretofore proved so light and harmless that they had only given additional zest to the joyous days of his boyhood.

A graver peril was now at hand. By way of doing honour to her gallant son, Mrs. Netherby had invited a large party to her house a few days after his return home. The dashing young officer was gladly welcomed by old acquaintances, and cordially greeted by new ones. Amongst

the former were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, the widow and orphan daughter of a gallant admiral, who had many years before sacrificed his life in the service of his country. Annie Fleetwood was a pleasant, bright-looking girl of seventeen. This was her first *debut* in society; and the simple freshness of her toilet, consisting of a clear white muslin dress, relieved only by blue ribbons, harmonized well with the artless expression of her countenance. Frank at once claimed old acquaintanceship with both mother and daughter; reminding the latter how he had insisted on bestowing upon her a parting salute, when he had taken leave of her as a middy many years before, and how very prudish she had been on the occasion.

“You were really quite angry,—at least you pretended to be so,” added he, saucily. Poor Annie coloured deeply at this reminiscence, and only observed in reply that she remembered he had always been a very troublesome boy, and their games had been much quieter after he was gone away.

“Yes, and I dare say much duller too, if you would only have the honesty to confess it,” was the young sailor’s rejoinder. “But it makes us quite old to talk of these days of ‘lang syne,’ and, after all, there is no time so agreeable as the present,” added he, bowing gracefully to his young guest. Then, touching lightly the blue ribbon which floated from Annie’s waist, he added, “I am glad to see, Miss Fleetwood, that you have the good taste to adopt true-blue as your colour.”

Annie’s spirit was somewhat roused at the thought that he might possibly suppose she had adopted this colour out of compliment to him; and, with a heightened colour, she replied, “You forget, I suppose, that I am a sailor’s daughter!”

“How could I forget it,” was his reply, “when looking at you; for sailor’s daughters are generally the prettiest girls, and” added he, in a low voice, “make the best wives in the world!”

This nautical compliment brought a still deeper blush to Annie’s cheek; and yet, we cannot say that she was displeased at finding herself during the course of the

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evening the special object of the young sailor's attention. On the following day, too, as she sat near the open window, busied with her book and her needle, her thoughts unconsciously reverted to some of the flattering sayings which had been poured into her ear on the preceding evening, and she involuntarily started and blushed on seeing Frank Netherby gallop up to the door at that rapid pace which is usually preferred by equestrian sailors.

Day after day found Frank Netherby the companion of Annie Fleetwood. Whether in the drawing-room and the garden, or on horseback, he was ever ready to attend her steps; and Mrs. Fleetwood, who was charmed with the frank and kindly courtesy of the young sailor, placed no restriction on their intercourse. Many a prudent mother would have felt anxious at the growing intimacy between her youthful daughter and a younger son of such scanty expectations; but Mrs. Fleetwood was one of those easy-going people, who enjoy the present moment without troubling themselves about the probable result for the future. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when, at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, Frank Netherby craved her consent to his union with her daughter.

"You are not in earnest, surely, Frank?" said she. "You and Annie are both too young and too poor to think of marrying for a long time to come."

"I never was more in earnest in my life, my dear madam," replied the young lieutenant, "you forget that I am a lieutenant in her Majesty's service, and have an allowance of a hundred a year from my father to boot. Annie and I would live like princes on such an income as this."

"Foolish boy!" replied Mrs. Fleetwood, "it could scarcely buy you both bread and cheese."

"Well, we will do without the cheese, my dear madam," replied Frank; "only give your consent, and you shall see how well we will manage."

"And what does your father say to this wise scheme?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"My father! do you suppose I would insult Annie by naming the subject to anyone before I knew what were her

wishes in the matter? But now that I have your consent," added he, gaily, "I will gallop over at once, and talk over the whole affair with him."

"My consent! not quite so fast, young man. I never gave my consent to so foolish a business."

"Well, but you *mean* to do so, which is all the same thing. You are too kind and tender-hearted to make Annie and me unhappy by refusing."

"Really, I do not know what to say to the matter," rejoined poor Mrs. Fleetwood, in rather a doubtful tone.

"Well, then, let me settle it for you, dear Mrs. Fleetwood," replied Frank, at the same time catching the good lady's hand, and hastily pressing it to his lips in a transport of delight. Then, without giving her time to collect herself, he exclaimed, "Now then, I am off to my father!" and, in another minute, she saw him galloping past in the direction of his home.

Frank Netherby's father was made of rather sterner materials than the lady whom we have just left. On hearing of his son's engagement, he was, at first, very much displeased. "It was quite absurd for a pair of children like them to think of marrying at all. Besides, Annie Fleetwood, although a very nice girl, and a great favourite of his, was the eldest of half-a-dozen daughters, who had not, he believed, ten thousand pounds between them." Fortunately, for Frank, his mother came to his aid, and smoothed matters so far that at last her husband gave a reluctant consent to the match,—warning Frank, however, that he must not think of marrying for five or six years to come, and that, meantime, some lucky turn of fortune might occur, which would enable him to support a wife. "I will call on Mrs. Fleetwood myself, to-morrow," added he, "and tell her my opinion on the subject."

Frank, without attending too closely to the qualifying clause of his father's speech, thanked him for his consent; and, remounting his horse, galloped back to Rosemount, the abode of his fair *inamorata*. On entering the drawing-room, where Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughter

were seated, he tossed up his foraging-cap like a schoolboy, exclaiming, "Hurrah! I've gained the day." Annie, whose cheek had been rather pallid at his entrance, "blushed rosy red," while her mother requested him to sit down quietly and tell her all about it. "All's right!" said Frank. "My father says Annie is one of the nicest girls in the world; and my mother is delighted at the idea of having her for a daughter-in-law."

"Did your father offer no objection?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Oh! he spoke very wisely, as all fathers are bound to do on such occasions, and gave me a world of good advice, which of course I mean most dutifully to follow. But he intends to call on you to-morrow, and I hope you will put your heads together and fix the day of our wedding."

"Nonsense! you foolish boy, you don't know what you are talking about," rejoined Mrs. Fleetwood. "I dare say your father will agree with me in thinking it will be time enough half-a-dozen years hence to name that day."

Frank, instead of noticing this prudent insinuation, only cast an arch glance towards Annie, and merely observed, "Annie, do you know the horses are at the door; are you ready for a canter?"

We imagine that the conclusion formed by the youthful lovers during that evening ride was somewhat different from that which was arrived at by their parents on that important subject,—for Frank urged most strenuously his determination never to leave England without first calling Annie his own; and however disposed Annie might be to attend to her mother's prudent advice, she found it hard to gain-say the arguments of her lover.

On the following day, Mr. Netherby paid his promised visit to Mr. Fleetwood; and on his return home, after a lengthened interview, he met Frank at his own hall door. "Well, my boy," said he to the anxious youth, "we have settled all about you. Mrs. Fleetwood consents to give you her daughter whenever you are a post-captain, and have got a lot of prize-money."

"For post-captain, read lieutenant, my dear father," replied the sailor; "and as

for the prize-money, I shall be sure to get it whenever our enemies are so good as to go to war with us."

"You are an incorrigible fellow," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but I hope you will get a little common-sense some of these days."

The next few weeks sped rapidly away with our youthful lovers, as time usually does in the case of those with whom, as Shakespeare describes it, "time gallops withal;" they were happy in the present, and full of hope for the future. But a shadow came at last to fall upon this sunny period: an official despatch arrived from the Admiralty to inform Frank of his appointment to the "Hercules," then stationed at Portsmouth.

"Everyone says that I am a monstrous lucky fellow to get this appointment so soon," observed Frank, when he acquainted Annie with the news. "And so would I think, too," added he, "at any other time; but now it is a terrible bore to have to go off at twenty-four hours' notice. Cheer up, however, my darling Annie," continued he, as he observed a tear to tremble in the eye of his betrothed, "the ship, I understand, is likely to be for some time on that station, so I may often contrive to run up and see you for a day or two; and remember what I have told you,—I shall never leave England without calling you my bride!"

Their hurried parting was a sad one; hope, however, was buoyant in both their young hearts, and they trusted soon to meet again. Many weeks, however, passed on without Frank's being able to obtain the expected leave of absence, and the frequent, though hurried notes he contrived to write in snatches of leisure were but ill compensation to poor Annie for the loss of his daily visits.

Dreary winter was now come, and Annie was sitting one day in a musing mood looking out on the smooth green sward on which she had so often strolled with Frank during the preceding summer, when the servant entered the room and handed her an official-looking letter. On opening it, her heart was filled with apprehension by perceiving that it was a telegraph message from Portsmouth. She

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thought it must be some ill news from Frank, but her eye had no sooner rested on it for a moment than she perceived the tenor was far different from what she had anticipated. The message was as follows:—

"The 'Hercules,' under orders for South America—Three years absence—One week's leave allowed me to get married—One line by telegraph to-day—Say yes, dearest Annie—if not—F.N."

Poor Annie sat with the open paper in her hands, bewildered and perplexed. Her first feeling was one of maidenly confusion at such a message having been sent to her by telegraph—then the possibility of being separated for three years, and those terrible, mysterious words—"if not!" what could they mean? Mrs. Fleetwood coming into the room, and observing her daughter's agitation, asked what was the matter; Annie handed her the message. "What a mad fellow Frank is," exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood. "Of course you will at once send him word that such a thing is quite out of the question."

Annie only replied by throwing her arms around her mother's neck and bursting into tears.

"Don't be such a simpleton, my dear child," said Mrs. Fleetwood, in a half playful, half soothing tone, "three years pass away very quickly and then he will be coming back again."

"Oh! but mamma," sobbed Annie, "he often told me it would break his heart if he had to leave England without being married." Mrs. Fleetwood felt at first inclined to ridicule her daughter's credulity on this subject, but Annie's tears fell faster and faster, and her sobs became more convulsive, so that in the course of half an hour, Mrs. Fleetwood's wise resolves had given way and she at last yielded a reluctant consent, observing that she supposed "Frank must, as usual, have his own way in the matter."

Annie, with a trembling hand and beating heart sat down to indite the following message.

"Mamma says 'Yes'—Come—Ever yours—Annie."

The day after these telegraphic love letters had been written, a large Christmas

party was assembled at Mr. Netherby's mansion. I happened to be one of the guests, and before the party had met for dinner, I was chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Netherby over the drawing-room fire.

"How I wish Frank was here to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Netherby, "he always so enjoys a Christmas party."

"Yes, and we should be all the merrier for his presence," observed Mr. Netherby, "young scape-grace as he is."

"And here is the young scape-grace come to answer for himself," exclaimed a merry voice at the door, which we quickly recognized in the evening dusk for that of the young lieutenant. He walked straight over to the chimney and gave his mother a hearty embrace.

"What has brought you here, my boy?" enquired his father, at the same time shaking him cordially by the hand.

"Only that I am ordered off to South America, and am come home to say good bye to you all, and to get married before I go."

"To get married!" we all exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, to get married," replied he, "I have been at Rosemount for the last two hours, and settled all about it with Mrs. Fleetwood."

Many were the expostulations which followed this avowal, but Frank contrived, as usual, in his playful, off-hand way, to win from the elders of the family a consent to his wishes, and before the evening was over, he had told his sisters to get their bridesmaid's dresses ready for the wedding, which was to take place in a couple of days, and which, he said, should be a very jolly affair indeed.

"Do not take out your pocket-handkerchiefs, my dear girls, as I do not wish to have any crying upon the occasion. I mean it to be a merry wedding, as I told Mrs. Fleetwood to-day."

"My wife shall dance,
And I will sing,"

sang out the expectant bridegroom, in the words of an old-fashioned ballad.

Frank was as good as his word; for this *impromptu* wedding, which actually took place two days afterwards, was one of the

merriest at which I ever was present. The first tears probably which fell on the occasion of Frank Netherby's marriage, were those bitter ones shed by his young bride, when, a week later, she took leave of him at Portsmouth, and watched the gallant ship "Hercules" speeding its course towards the Southern main. The disconsolate young creature accompanied her mother back to her early home, where she spent the years of her husband's absence in most sedate and matronly retirement.

Many years have passed away since then, and Frank Netherby is now the sober father of a family.

Very recently, I overheard him exhorting his eldest son, a fine boy of twelve or thirteen, to be more diligent in his studies and steady in his conduct at school. An involuntary smile probably flitted across my countenance, for Frank immediately turned towards me with one of his quick and humorous glances, and no sooner had the boy left the room, than he said to me, "I perceive, my dear madam, you have a very good memory for olden times, but remember I wish my son to take after his mother rather than after me in solidity of character. In one point, indeed, I shall be glad if he resembles me in after life. Heartily do I hope," added he, looking tenderly at Annie, "that, after many years of married life, he may be able to say as I do that—

"The Wife's far dearer than the Bride."

ANGLO-SAXON AND LATIN.—It would be almost impossible to compose a sentence of moderate length consisting solely of words of Latin derivation. But there are many which can be rendered wholly in Anglo-Saxon. It would be easy to make the Lord's Prayer entirely, as it is in present use almost entirely, Anglo-Saxon. But for each of them, except one, we have an exact Saxon equivalent. For "trespasses," we may substitute "sins;" for "temptation," "trials;" for "deliver," "free;" and for "power," "might." Dr. Trench proposes for "glory," "brightness;" but this we think is not a good substitute, although we are unable to suggest a better.—*"Literary Style,"*

GENERAL HAVELOCK—WARRIOR OF INDIA.

AMID all the names of those noble British heroes in India whose deeds of valour have done high honour to our arms in that land, there is none shine more gloriously than does that of General Havelock.

He was born in 1795, at Bishop Wearmouth, Sunderland. His father was a gentleman, whose ancestors had long resided at Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and who had secured an independence by commerce and shipbuilding, at Sunderland. Ingress-park, near Dartford, in Kent, became his father's residence by purchase; and his mother descended from the family of Ettrick, which, for generations had resided at High Barnes.

Henry Havelock, the son, was educated at the Charterhouse, London. His father's fortunes having declined, the estate of Ingress-park was sold to Government in 1813, and Henry was entered to be a lawyer of the Middle-temple. He attended the lectures of Chitty, the eminent special pleader, along with the late Sir Thomas Talfourd. William Havelock, his elder brother, had distinguished himself in the wars of the Iberian Peninsula, and at Waterloo; and Henry, in accordance with the *penchant* of his relatives, endeavoured, through his brother's interest, to obtain a commission in the army.

Henry Havelock, one month after the battle of Waterloo, was accordingly appointed to a commission in the Rifle Brigade (95th regiment), where he received his military training, assisted by Captain (afterwards General) Sir Henry Smith, the conqueror of the Sikhs at Aliwal. Our hero now served for eight years in each of the three kingdoms; and at last, exchanging his commission for one in the 13th Light Infantry, he embarked, in 1823, for India.

When the first Burmese war broke out in 1824, Henry Havelock was appointed Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General, and was present at the actions which took place at Napadee, Pantanago, and Paghan. When this war ended, he was associated with Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox, in

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a mission to the court of Ava—formerly the capital of the Burmese dominions, and here he had an audience at the "Golden Foot,"—that is, the foot of the King of Burmah,—when the treaty of peace was signed at Yandaboo, in February, 1826. In the following year he published the "History of the Ava Campaigns," in which he commented very freely on the transactions of the war. In the same year he received the appointment of Adjutant of the Military Depot at Chinsurah, formed there by Lord Combermere. Soon after this, he married the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marshman, Baptist Missionary at Serampore. On the breaking up of the Chinsurah establishment, Havelock returned to his regiment. He afterwards went to Calcutta, passed the examination in the languages at the college there, and was appointed by Lord William Bentinck, Adjutant of his corps, then under the command of Colonel (afterwards General) Sir Robert Sale.

After having served twenty-three years as a subaltern, our hero was promoted to a company in 1838. He then accompanied the army collected for the invasion of Afghanistan, on the staff of General Sir Willoughby Cotton. He passed through the Afghan campaign, and was present at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul. He then returned to India with the General, having obtained leave to visit the Presidency. Here he prepared a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign," which was printed in London. Having returned to the Punjab in charge of a detachment, he was placed on the staff of General Elphinstone as interpreter of the Persian language.

Havelock was next sent to join Sir Robert Sale, on his retreat to India, after the attack of the Eastern Ghilzies on Cabul. He was present at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, at the action at Tezeen, and at all the engagements of the British force till they reached Jelalabad. He had, in conjunction with his friends, Major Macgregor and Captain Broadfoot, the chief direction, under General Sale, of the memorable defence of that place in 1841-2. He wrote all the despatches of this defence, which were so much com-

mended by Sir George Murray. In the final attack on Mahommed Akbar, in April, 1842, who was then compelled to raise the siege, he commanded the right column, and defeated the enemy before the other columns could come to his assistance. For this service he was promoted to a Brevet Majority, and to the Companionship of the Bath. He was next appointed Persian interpreter to Gen. Pollock—was present at the action of Mamoo Khail, and a second engagement at Tezeen. He then proceeded into the Kohistan (Land of Mountains) with General Sir John M'Caskill's force, and took an important share in the brilliant action of Istaliff, by which that place was almost destroyed. In the succeeding year, he was promoted to a Regimental Majority, and appointed Persian interpreter to General Sir Hugh (afterwards Viscount) Gough, commander-in-Chief.

Towards the end of 1843, Havelock accompanied the British forces to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore, where the Mahrattas were defeated and their guns captured. In the succeeding year he was promoted by brevet to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1845, he proceeded with the British army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and he was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. He had two horses shot under him at Moodkee; and at Sobraon his horse was shot by a cannon ball, which passed through his saddle-cloth. At the end of the campaign on the Sutlej, he received the appointment of Deputy Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. On the breaking out of the second war with the Sikhs, his brother Colonel William Havelock, was killed in the action at Rannuggur, in 1848. Our hero's own regiment, the 53rd, was ordered into the field, and he quitted his staff employment at Bombay in order to join it; but when he had gone as far as Indore, his further progress was countermanded, and he returned to his post.

After twenty-five years' incessant and laborious service, his constitution began to suffer, and by the wish of his medical advisers, in 1849, he was sent to England.

for two years, for the restoration of his health. In 1851, he returned to Bombay, and was soon after made Brevet-Colonel, and appointed Quartermaster-General and then Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops in India. These appointments he owed to Lord Hardinge, at whose side he had fought in the three battles of the Sutlej campaign. In the expedition to Persia, he was appointed to the second division, and commanded the troops at Mohammerah; but the glory of the action at this place was due to the naval force. He returned to Bombay at the conclusion of the peace with Persia, and embarked in the *Erin* for Calcutta; but he was wrecked in April last, off the coast of Ceylon. Five days afterwards he obtained a passage in the *Fire Queen*, and on reaching Calcutta he was sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, to command the moveable column, with which he has at last, in four decisive actions, defeated the Mahratta fiend, Nena Sahib.

Before the action at Futtehpore commenced, General Havelock thus addressed the 78th Regiment:—"Highlanders, when we were going to Mohammerah, I promised you a field-day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians ran away; but Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let them see what you are made of." Here they routed the enemy, and took twelve guns. In the action at Cawnpore, on the 16th of July, 1857, the enemy,—13,000 strong, with six guns, and Nena Sahib at their head—were defeated by the General, with 1,300 Europeans, and about 700 Sikhs. After the battle, he said to the 78th,—“Highlanders, I have been in twenty-seven fights, and I never saw a regiment behave better. I will say more: I never saw a regiment behave so well.” The account of what he saw when he took possession of Cawnpore cannot be read without the deepest feelings of indignation and horror. General Havelock's force had, in eight days, marched 126 miles, fought four battles with Nena Sahib's army against overwhelming odds in point of numbers, and taken twenty-four guns, all in the month of July in India!

The progress of the General to Bhitoor (which was found burned to the ground),

led to the conclusion that Nena Sahib had been so completely deserted and defeated that he had committed suicide; but this has not been confirmed.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes:

“I have known the General for more than thirty years, most intimately, and can say with confidence that he has never baptized any one; neither, in the strict professional sense of the word can he be said to have ‘preached.’ When he embarked for Burmah in 1824, in company with his regiment, his Majesty's 13th Foot, he was in the habit of assembling as many as could be prevailed on to attend for devotional exercises, and he occasionally explained the Scriptures to them in a brief address. They were allowed to assemble at the great Shoeey Dagoon pagoda, the glory of Rangoon, and there, in a chamber filled with the cross-legged images of Buddha, might be seen little Native lamps placed in the lap of the images, and one hundred and more of the soldiers of the 13th around Lieutenant Havelock, singing the praises of the living and true God. Independently of the religious benefit of these services, it was a most desirable object to keep these men from licentious indulgences in a conquered town by the strength of Christian principle. They used to be called ‘Havelock's Saint's,’ and the General-in-Chief, Sir Archibald Campbell, on one occasion of a sudden alarm at Promé, at night, finding it difficult to collect speedily a sufficient body of soldiers, ordered the officer to call out ‘Havelock's Saints;’ ‘I can always,’ said he, ‘depend on them. They, at all events, are sober and ready for duty.’

“When he returned to regimental duty he continued to attend to the religious and moral wants of his Company with conscientious care, and assembled them as opportunity offered, for religious services. Of course some were displeased with these ‘non-military proceedings,’ as they were called, and various communications adverse to him were made to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord William Bentinck, and he was described as a strait-laced saint, a Dissenter, and withal a Baptist. Soon after the Adjutancy of the corps became vacant, and Lieutenant

Havelock strenuously nominating being on Lord's till the time, he for a but from C him; b will tel give th cause h Majesty the repl which I company drunken ment the ing face brought tell Lieu pliments, lists of th

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1. When down on a parlour eas—visit you country—poor, and self, in ord better their

2. When member the any cold n bread, or m which would a hungry fa

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4. When the poor, and chairs, a pan,

Havelock was a candidate for it, and very strenuous efforts were made to prevent his nomination. Mrs. Havelock, who happened to be at Serampore,—the regiment being then in the North West,—waited on Lord William to solicit the appointment. He said he could not give a reply till the next day. On her calling a second time, he said he had intermediately sent for a bundle of letters about her husband from Calcutta. 'They are all hostile to him; but before I read them to you I will tell you that I have determined to give the Adjutancy to your husband, because he is one of the best officers in his Majesty's service. I will also show you the reply to these attacks in the return which I have ordered of the state of his company, and I find that there is less drunkenness, flogging, and less imprisonment than in any other;' and then, alluding facetiously to one of the charges brought against him, he said, 'Go, and tell Lieutenant Havelock, with my compliments, that I wish he could make Baptists of the whole army.'

"REMEMBER THE POOR."

Where? In every place. When? Every day of your life.

1. When you eat a good dinner—lie down on your feather bed—enjoy your parlour ease—take your walks of pleasure—visit your rich friends—or ride into the country—*remember the privations of the poor*, and be determined to deny yourself, in order to afford them relief, and to better their condition.

2. When you go into the pantry—*remember the poor*, and look if there be any cold meat, a little bacon, butter, bread, or milk, which you can spare, and which would rejoice the hearts of many a hungry family.

3. When you look through your drawers and wardrobes, *remember the poor*, and see if you cannot pick up a shirt, a waistcoat, a coat, a pair of stockings, a flannel waistcoat, or some other useful article, wherewith to assist in clothing the naked.

4. When you go to a sale, *remember the poor*, and think if there be not a few chairs, a pan, a bedstead, a loom, or some-

thing else that you can buy cheap, in order to help some destitute family, whose house has been broken up through poverty.

5. When you have a horse standing idle, *remember the poor*, and consider whether it might not be employed in fetching coals for some poor fatherless family, or riding out those who are sick and almost dying for want of fresh air.

6. When your garden brings forth abundantly, *remember the poor*, and send them some potatoes, cabbages, onions, apples, or anything you have to spare.

7. When you are regulating your cellars, and lumber places, *remember the poor*, and instead of selling your useless things for a mere trifle, order all your old iron, brass, lead, spoons, pans, umbrellas, broken glass, physic bottles, skins and rags, to be collected and given to some poor person who will make them into money.

8. When you are perambulating the back streets, or when you have a little time to spare, *remember the poor*, and step into their cellars and cottages, and see how they live and sleep; inquire into their earnings and the general state of their families. Unless you do this, you will be in great danger of forgetting the poor.

9. When you take stock, and find you have had a prosperous year, *remember the poor*, and lay out a good round sum to give away, like a good steward of God.

10. Especially at CHRISTMAS-TIME, *remember the poor*. It is the poor, not the rich, you are to remember!

SEA WATER.—Sea water, when taken up at a distance from the shore, appears limpid, tastes salt, nauseous, and bitter; it purifies by keeping: it contains, upon the coasts of Great Britain, from one-twenty-eighth to one thirty-eighth of salt. The sea water lately examined by a very accurate hydrometer, two successive seasons at Hastings, is to distilled water as 1,023 to 1,000, and holds in solution a thirty-sixth part of saline matter. The purgative qualities of sea water depends, in a great measure, upon the muriated magnesia it contains, which is a neutral substance, formed naturally from the earth of magnesia, and the acid of sea salt, and which gives sea water its bitter taste; the other saline contents are chiefly common culinary salt, with a very small proportion of selenite salt.

THE MONTHS.



Jewelry, and a clear keen-bracing atmosphere, and a joyous chime, like the song of an angel choir,—singing of the new birth, of the great resurrection, and of death swallowed up in victory? So let it be. We mourn for the friend departed, but not as those who mourn without hope; we grieve for opportunities of good neglected, and blessings and privileges rejected or misused; we pray for forgiveness of past sins, both of omission and commission; and we resolve to do better for the future. But shall we do so? God knows. Let us strive and pray.

And now for December, so called by the Romans from *decem* ten, it being the tenth month in their calendar: and *winter-month*, or *winter-month*, by the Saxons, who, after they had received Christianity, named it *helig*, or holy month. *Saxons* tell us that they also called it *mid-winter-month*, and also *guil-cera*, meaning the first guil or feast of Thor, of which we are reminded by the term *gyle*, this being but a corruption of *guil*, which was derived from *tol* or *al*—ale. So much for etymology: now for costume and emblematic decoration.

December must be expressed with a horrid and fearful aspect, clad in Irish rugge, or coarse frieze, girt upon him: instead of a garland upon his head, three or four night-caps, with a Turkish turban over them. His nose red, his mouth and beard clogged with icicles: at his back a bunch of holly, ivy, or mistletoe; holding, in furred mittens, the sign of Capricornus." Thus says Peacham: and, without stopping to question the propriety of his uncouth garbing of this, perhaps, merriest month of all the year, we will at once proceed to the portrait drawn by Spenser:—

—“came next the chill December.

Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove, in tender years,
They say was nourished by the lean maid:
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers.”

With Phillips this is altogether a month of merriment and feasting; and his emblematic garland is woven of the “glossy foliage of the ivy, intermixed with its vermilion berries, from the centre of which is suspended a branch of mirth-inspiring mistletoe.” From time immemorial it has been the custom in this country to decorate the churches and houses at Christmas with wreaths and branches of evergreens; and still, at this festive season, when we meet to celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind, or to offer our devotions to the Most High.

“The clustered berries charm the eye,
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves.”

Heavy dull December is here,—last scene in the twelve-act drama which we have once more witnessed. The pall-bearer of the year has come, the funeral-gear is ready, and the bare trees stand around like mourners, awaiting the interment. What shall it be? a winding-sheet of fog, and rolling mists full of phantom shapes of ever-changing forms, with a toll of muffled bells, and a leaden pall over all, weighing the spirits down to the very verge of the grave; or of driven snow pure and spotless, with an azure arch above, and a wreath of nature's

It is well that there are blazing fires, and warm hearts within, for without, all is as dead and dreary as can be; no laugh of merry labourers in the fields, no pleasant sounds of rural occupations, which are now, for a time, nearly suspended; no song of birds: no busy hum of insect life. Perhaps

“Humphrey with his flail”

may be thump—thump—thumping away upon the barn-floor, if “measter” has not already sent his grain to market, and turned it into money, aided in the process by “one of them ere new-fangled threshin’ machines,” which the said Humphrey “cannot abear.” The dormouse, like a wise quadruped, is now asleep in his snug retreat; and the leather-winged bat sleeps serenely, unconscious of frost and snow. Happy creature! no chilblains! no clean shirts, like sheets of ice! no Christmas bills! no nothing!

And the flowers are all gone too; not a single blossom to be seen in field or woodland; in the garden, one of a poisonous nature, the Christmas rose (*Heleborus niger*) expends its pallid blossoms. They are gone—all gone; and we mourn their loss, although we know that it is but for a time, and we cherish their memory as that of dear friends, saying,

Winter, let thy winding-sheet,

All unskill'd as should be

Covering for things so sweet,

Fall upon them tenderly;

Wrap them in thy cerements white,

Let thy bird, the Robin, sing

O'er them through the boreal night,

Till the glad voice of spring

Wakes once more the lovely flowers,

To adorn the meads and bowers.

Come December, drear and chill,

As thy wild blasts sweep around,

Let them chant a requiem shrill

For the fair things under ground;

Build a cenotaph of ice

Clear and glistening in the sun,

Decked with many a rare device,

And let the inscription run—

“Out of sight the lovely flowers

Wait the resurrection hours.”

There they lie enwrapped in sleep

Sheltered from inclement skies,

O'er them let no mourner keep

Watch with tear-distilling eyes;

Speak not of them as things dead—

Fled for ever, lost and gone,

Stem and leaf are perished,

But the root still liveth on,

And again in genial hours,

Up will spring the lovely flowers.

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GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

The engraving which accompanies this tale presents a view of the peaceful indoor life of a happy family. A sweet tranquility, the blessing of heaven, rests upon it, which comes to man from within and cannot be bought with gold.

While the ready carpenter is busy in his workshop, the youngest child sits in its mother's lap and peeps merrily over the bowl which it holds to its mouth with both hands. The old grandfather with the snow-white hair has just heard little Margery repeat her lesson from her school-book, and the diligent lassie though not more than nine years of age, has come well through the trial. At each question she raised her eyes with such a glad and trustful look, and folded her little hands so reverently that the grandfather's heart laughed within him, for Margery was his darling.

"Dear grandfather," she asked, "why did you hang that beautiful garland on the linden tree this morning?"

"It is a memorial of the war-time," replied the old man.

"Ah, then, tell me all about it, grandfather; what happens in war-time, and why the pretty wreath is hung on the tree?"

"It is a long story, young chatterer," answered her relative, "and at last you come into it: so pay attention." And the grandfather began:—

"Once on a time there lived here in the village a man, named Meyer"—

"Oh, grandfather, that is your name," interrupted Margery.

"Yes, truly, my name is the same as the man's of whom I am going to tell you, so—still! And this Meyer was well to-do, for he was owner of a snug farm, and had laid by a little heap of bright dollars; but his greatest treasure was a dear and good daughter. When this daughter—I will call her Marie, the same as your mother—when she was eighteen years old, two young men were then living in the village. One was named Antony, the other Frank, or black Frank, as he was commonly called, because of his black hair and dark skin.

Antony was the son of a poor widow;

he had learnt his trade in the town and was a skilful workman. Yet he had nothing but what he could earn with his two hands, and a crazy old cottage, which he was obliged to prop and patch every day, to prevent its tumbling down altogether. Industry was the word; and industrious he was, working from sunrise to nightfall, to make the life of his aged mother easy and comfortable.

Frank was also a clever fellow, but in another way. People said he ought to have been a schoolmaster for he wrote a wonderful hand, just like engraving, and had an ingenious head. He tried many things, but kept long to none. He had been clerk to a lawyer, then a trader, a forester, went for a soldier—yet only for a little while. No one knew what he did, nor how he lived. Sometimes he was here in the country at the little farm left to him by his parents, sometimes in the town where lived his cousin, a broker, with whom he had much to do. He never worked, and yet went well-dressed, and had nearly always plenty of money in his pocket.

Old Meyer had little trust in Frank, and saw unwillingly that the young man came often to visit his daughter, and sought to win her heart with flatteries, after the manner of idle people. He would be telling her every minute how pretty she was, that he had never seen a handsomer maiden, and that there was no other in the world whom he would marry.

Of marriage, however, there was no fear: Marie cared nothing at all for Frank, scarcely listened to his fine phrases, and always gave short answers. But do you know who it was that she did love? It was Antony, who could look every one free and openly in the face, just the same as my Margery.

Marie and Antony had been very fond of each other as children, and as Marie now saw him such a true and good-hearted fellow, so it was natural she should love him still more. At any moment Antony would have gone through fire and water for her sake. Both knew it, but they spoke not of it. Marie's father knew it also, and it made him sometimes glad and sometimes sorry. The best way would



have been for him some fine morning there outside under the linden tree to have laid their hands one in the other and said, "Antony you are a brave fellow; here take the dearest object I possess in the world—my daughter!"

But he did not say this, for Antony was as poor as a church-mouse, and that was an objection which Meyer could not get over. No doubt it is a comfortable thing to have plenty of money, but no one should love it too well, for to-day it is here, to-morrow there. It is neither a true friend in need, nor a merit before God. Old Meyer now-a-days values an upright and faithful heart above all gold; but then, before he had learned the true worth of a man, he thought otherwise.

It was indeed an anxious time; people lived as though a thunderstorm darkened the sky, and they could scarcely draw breath for the sultry air. Thunder came at last—war thunder: the enemy broke into the land, and far and wide terrible things were spoken of. In one place they had plundered, in another they drove away the cattle, burnt down houses, ravaged the fields, and ill-treated the inhabitants. Our village was for a time undisturbed, although all lived in fear and terror; wherever you went you saw

anxious faces, each one was deeply concerned for his own safety. They got up in the morning filled with bitter expectation, and timid and trembling went to bed at night. How could they sleep quietly when they feared every minute to be awakened by an alarm of robbery, and to have their houses burnt above their heads?

At that time black Frank was absent oftener than usual, and when he came home he clinked money in his pocket and laughed at the neighbours' affright. No one knew what to think of him. Some said his cousin, the broker, employed him at all sorts of business, by which the knowing fellow made money as fast as hay. Others thought he had taken to bad ways and was a spy.

Old Meyer said nothing. It is easier to injure a man's character, than to make it clear and sound again in the eyes of the world. Therefore, thought he, one must be prudent. Just at that very time while he was thinking about Frank, the young man came in and said he had long wished to speak out on a matter that lay on his heart: he loved Meyer's daughter Marie and wanted to marry her.

"Ei, ei," replied Meyer, "you choose a bad time for marrying."

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"I don't think so," answered Frank, "it is a time when every maiden needs a man's protection. There is no want of money," he added boastfully, and rattled the hard dollar pieces.

"Shall I speak openly what I think Frank?" asked Meyer.

He nodded his head, and his cheeks turned red, for he saw well that the answer would not be in his favour.

"I believe, Frank, that my daughter does not love you."

Black Frank bit his lips angrily, but said nothing.

"And if she did love you," continued Meyer, "I should first want to know in what way you come by your money—without work. Yes, I should require to know that every penny which you spend was fairly and honestly earned, and no stain upon it."

Frank retorted insolently—"There are many ways of making money, but the wise man does not tell them all to the big bell. I hope though, you don't take me for a thief or robber?"

"I say nothing of the sort," answered Meyer, "for I don't know what you follow; however, he to whom I give what is to me the dearest in the world—I must be able to read him as truly as in the gospel."

"You mean then, that you won't give me your daughter?" said Frank with flashing eyes, while the veins in his forehead swelled angrily up with passion. He hardly waited for an answer, and cried in wild rage, "You shall repent that, as surely as my name is black Frank. Think upon it." And then he rushed forth.

Three days went by; Frank had gone nobody knew whither. In the third night about eleven o'clock, some one knocked loudly on the shutters, so that old Meyer sprang suddenly out of bed and cried, "Who's there?"

"Quick, let me in," answered a well-known voice; "it is I, Antony."

Meyer opened the door, and was not a little frightened at the sight of the young man, pale as death and breathless with alarm and exertion. "I come," he said, "from the town,—in an hour the

enemy will be here. There was a battle in the morning, and they are retreating. Part of them are marching straight hither, and who do you think is their guide?—Black Frank. He and his cousin the broker are traitors and spies, and have sold themselves to the French. I ran along the bye-paths, as fast as I could, in order to get ahead of them. I knew Frank by the sound of his voice, as he passed almost close at my side, but I stooped down and hid myself in the tall corn."

At that moment, Meyer thought neither of money or estate, nor house or farm, which might be pillaged and burnt by the enemy, he thought only of his daughter and Frank. "Marie, Marie!" he exclaimed, almost in despair. Antony was thinking of her also, for he said hastily, "In the name of all that is dear to you, Meyer, you will not think of letting her stay here; who knows what schemes black Frank may have in his head? It was on that account I ran so desperately. I'll bring her over the hill and through the forest to my old aunt's at Burgsdorf; her house is so hidden on the moor that no one ever goes there. For heaven's sake, Meyer, trust her to me: I'll stake my life for hers."

The old man turned to call his daughter, but she had already risen from her bed as soon as she heard Antony's voice, and stood there dressed as her father opened the door. A painful struggle was going on in the timid maiden's feelings. She could not bear to leave her parent, and yet the thought of Frank filled her with terrible apprehensions; for when three days before he had left the house in a rage he met her coming from the well, and spoke confidently, "Marie, the next time I come it will be to fetch you as my wife: say that to your father."

Old Meyer was soon resolved. "You shall go with Antony," he said; "Go, Antony, delay not; God send us a happier return!" There was no time to be lost, and that made the sad and mournful parting easier.

How beautiful was the bright moonlit night! How calm and peaceful! The tall corn gleamed and swayed gently

to and fro like waves of silver. Meyer could follow the fugitives with his eye for a great distance as they fled hastily along the fieldpaths. At last they disappeared. Oh, sorrow, how will it be in the quiet village ere but a few hours; perhaps those who lie dead under the wooden crosses in the churchyard are to be envied!

Marie and Antony keeping close together, hastened on without speaking. They were near the hill when the young girl uttered a faint cry and trembled in every limb; she saw bayonets glisten, although as yet far off. "It is the soldiers," said Antony, "we must get into the forest before they reach the cross, for we cannot hide here. Let us go a little faster, but not run, so as to keep up our strength." At length they had passed the hill; meantime the soldiers had come nearer and nearer, and unluckily it was as light as day, every object was distinctly visible. It was impossible that the two could reach the forest undetected. They heard a loud yell. "Now or never!" whispered Antony, and dragged Marie on with him. Fear quickened their steps and they ran as though they had wings. Two shots were fired, but fell short; and in a few minutes the fugitives were concealed by the trees. Yet breathless as they were, they rested not until they had penetrated far into the thicket, where pursuit was no longer to be dreaded.

Long before this fatal night Meyer had buried his money, and most valuable property, so that he had nothing further to do but to awaken the neighbours, and provide food and drink for the terrified villagers, whereby to keep up their courage as much as possible. In a short time every one was afoot; but all in terror, alarm, and confusion. Each ran in the other's way; each hurried to save and hide something, whatever he could. It was as though each one thought the soldiers would carry off all the household goods; beds and bedsteads, chairs, chests, and tables.

Suddenly the rattle and roll of drums was heard, weapons flashed, and the enemy marched into the village, and word was given for every one to stay quietly in-doors. Presently black Frank entered

a house. "Meyer," he said, "now it is a question of life and death. Your fate is in my hands. Give me your daughter, and no harm shall befall you."

"She is not here," was the answer.

"Not here," he cried, "you lie: she must be here. Don't parley too long, old man; one way or the other; you have no time to deliberate, I must know at once."

He burst open the door of Marie's chamber: the bed was empty. "It is a lie," he cried again, "she must be here. I'll find her if I search every corner of the house and every house in the village. And you, Meyer, will have cause to remember this night."

Black Frank strode away, but in a few minutes returned with a party of soldiers: "That is the richest man in the village," he said, pointing to Meyer; "he must pay for all the rest; don't let him go."

Then the uproar began: "Money, money," was their cry. Meyer gave them what he had, but it was not much. They were not in the least satisfied, and broke open every closet and coffer, to search for hidden gold. It was a painful sight, to see how they tore everything out; garments and household linen prepared as part of Marie's marriage portion; the clothes worn by her mother who had long been dead, all were scattered and trampled under foot. Many cherished memorials, which for years had been carefully preserved, were all at once destroyed by the rude handling of the plunderers. It cut old Meyer to the heart; yet he was obliged to bear it in silence, without uttering a word. The soldiers searched every corner, but found nothing that they wanted, for the money had been buried long before, and lay in the garden under the pear-tree.

They stormed more furiously than ever, would listen to no remonstrance or persuasion, and acted like madmen. They snatched Meyer's watch from his pocket, tore the betrothal ring from his finger, pushed him about with the stocks of their muskets, and demanded a large sum of money, to be paid down there and then on the spot.

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Black Frank was not present at this scene: he had climbed up into the dovecote to see if Marie had concealed herself there. Happily she was in safety. And it was that which made her father so brave and steadfast. But the soldiers grew more and more severe in their rough usage. They beat him cruelly with their sheathed swords; pulled his white hair out by the roots; held their bayonets against his breast and cried threateningly—"Confess where your money is, old curmudgeon, or there's an end of you."

At this terrible moment, when life and death seemed but a hair-breadth asunder, the door flew open. It was Antony who rushed in; after placing Marie in safety he had hurried back. To see the danger in which old Meyer stood, to seize a stool and strike down two of the soldiers, was with him the work of an instant. It was perhaps not prudent, but it was faithful and unselfish on his part. "Flee, Meyer, flee," he cried, and opposed himself to the remaining soldiers; when all at once he fell back wounded in three places, and his exasperated foes would have taken a quick revenge, had not black Frank fortunately entered at that juncture. He persuaded them to withhold their purpose for a time, but to bind the two as prisoners, for Meyer would be forced to tell where he had hidden his money, and Antony would have to be shot publicly as a warning to the village, for having assaulted the soldiers. Frank yet hoped to learn where Marie was concealed, and strove by threats to find out the secret. Meyer kept a stubborn silence; although he had proposed to himself, before it came to the worst, to offer all his money for the sparing of Antony's life. He would have done so at once, could he have trusted to the good faith of the invaders.

Those were solemn and fearful hours which passed between that time and the morning. Antony lay senseless; and at last Meyer, whose strength was exhausted, fell into a confused and dreamy condition.

The pain of his wounds roused Antony to consciousness towards morning, and the old man was awakened by an alarm that arose outside. Immediately he saw

the soldiers snatch up their firelocks and hurry forth, without troubling themselves further about their captives. Drums rattled and rolled—quick march was beaten—there was a running and shouting, orders and counter-orders—a volley of musketry—nearer and nearer it came—and then was heard the heavy tread of a troop of cavalry. Ah, how the prisoners' hearts beat, as they lay there helpless within!

It seemed clear the enemy had been surprised, and now, would they show fight? For a time the clash, the tramp, and tumult continued, now nearer, now farther, then all was still. Yet a brief while, the door again flew open, soldiers rushed in; but, thank heaven, they were friends.

Antony's wounds were dressed by the field-surgeon, and pronounced not to be dangerous. On the same day Marie came back, and then old Meyer spoke, as he ought to have spoken long before; and Marie nursed her betrothed until he was quite well again. And what a jubilee there was in the village when Antony and Marie were married.

"But what became of black Frank?" asked Margery.

"He came to a sudden end; for on the hasty retreat with his party he was mortally wounded by a chance bullet, and on being brought back to the village, died before ten minutes had passed—having had time to see how every one turned away from him with a shudder."

"But, grandfather," repeated the little girl, not yet content, "you said that I came into the story at last; where am I then?"

The grandfather laughed roguishly as he replied—"Here you are, here in the middle of the history; for old Meyer is your grandfather himself, as he looks and lives, and the brave Antony is your father, and the good Marie, who sits there wiping the tears from her eyes, is your dearest mother.—Are you content?"

And the crown is still hung every year on the linden tree, where the grandfather laid the hands of his children together, and gave them his blessing, for it is truly pleasant to have so old, so venerable a tree as a witness.



LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

"WHO WILL CARVE?"

How often is a well-spread Christmas dinner disfigured by blundering awkward carving. It is a duty most shun, because most are unskilled in the art. Yet one of the most important acquisitions in the routine of daily life is the ability to carve well, and not only well but elegantly. It is true that the modes now adopted of sending meats, &c., to table, are fast banishing the necessity for promiscuous carving from the richly-served boards of the wealthy; but in the circles of middle life, where the refinements of cookery are not adopted, the utility of a skill in the use of a carving knife is sufficiently obvious.

It must not be supposed that the necessity for this acquirement is confined to the heads of families alone, it is as important for the bachelor visitor to be familiar with the art as it is for the host himself; indeed, he is singled out usually for the task of carving a side dish, which *happening* to be poultry of some kind, becomes a task most embarrassing to him, if he should happen to be ignorant of the *modus operandi* of skilfully dissecting a fowl. He may, per-

chance, be on the right hand of the lady of the house, and at her request, very politely conveyed, he cannot refuse; he rises, therefore, to his task as though one of the labours of Hercules had been suddenly imposed on him; he first casts around him a nervous glance, to ascertain whether any one else is carving a fowl, in order to see where they insert their fork, at what part they commence, and how they go on; but it generally happens that he is not so fortunate as he desires, and therefore he is left to get through the operation as well as he can. He takes up his knife and fork desperately, he knows that a wing is good, a slice of the breast is a dainty, and that a leg is a gentleman's portion, so he sticks his fork in at random, and slashes at the wing, misses the joint, and endeavours to cut through the bone; it is not an easy task; he mutters something about his knife not being sharp, essays a grin, and a faint *jeu de mot* at the expense of the fowl's age, and finding the bone will not sunder by fair means, he puts out his strength, gets off the wing with a sudden dash, which propels the mangled member off the dish upon the cloth, sends the body of the fowl quite to the end of the

dish, and with a splash of gravy over the lady seated next him, who grins at the incident and attempts to display apologies for the accident. He becomes heated by perspiration, gling the fowl wings and leg presents itself, what to do with to imagine—but strength of wrist at the hazard commenced with down confused his efforts have portion of the fowl der, by those wing attempt; fowl, himself, loses all enjoyment during the remainder of the dinner. He will possibly



AND ON THIS!

dish, and with the jerk splashes a quantity of gravy over the rich dinner dress of the lady seated next to him, much to her chagrin at the injury to her robe, and her contempt for the barbarous ignorance he has displayed. He has to make a thousand apologies for his stupidity, which only serve to make his deficiency more apparent; he becomes heated, suffused with blushes and perspiration, continues hacking and mangling the fowl until he has disjointed the wings and legs, and then, alas! the body presents itself to him a *terra incognita*—what to do with it he is at a complete loss to imagine—but it must be carved; he has strength of wrist, and he crashes through it at the hazard of repeating the mishap he commenced with. His task over, he sits down confused and uncomfortable, to find his efforts have caused the rejection of any portion of the fowl he has wrenched asunder, by those who have witnessed his bungling attempt; he is disgusted with the fowl, himself, carving, and everything else; loses all enjoyment for his dinner, and, during the remainder of the evening, cannot recover his equilibrium.

He will possibly, too, have the very ques-

tionable satisfaction of witnessing an accomplished carver dissect a fowl; he perceives with a species of wonder that he retains his seat, plants his fork in the bird, removes the legs and wings as if by magic, then follows merrily thought and neck bones, then the breast, away come the two sidesmen, and the bird is dissected; all this, too, is accomplished without effort, and with an elegance of manner as surprising as captivating; the pieces carved look quite tempting, while there is no perceptible difference in the temperature of the carver; he is as cool and collected as ever, and assists the portions he has carved with as much grace as he displayed in carving the fowl. The truth is, he is acquainted with the anatomy of the bird, he has felt the necessity of acquiring the art, and has taken advantage of every opportunity which has enabled him to perfect himself in the requisite knowledge to attain the position at which he has arrived.

Ladies ought especially to make carving a study; at their own houses, they grace the table, and should be enabled to perform the task allotted to them with sufficient skill to prevent remark, or the calling forth of

eager proffers of assistance from good-natured visitors near, who probably would not present any better claim to a neat performance.

Carving presents no difficulties; it simply requires knowledge. All displays of exertion or violence are in very bad taste; for if not proving an evidence of the want of ability on the part of the carver, they present a very strong testimony of the toughness of a joint or the more than full age of a bird: in both cases they should be avoided. A good knife of moderate size, sufficient length of handle, and very sharp, is requisite; for a lady it should be light, and smaller than that used by gentlemen. Fowls are very easily carved; and joints, such as loins, breasts, fore-quarters, &c., the butcher should have strict injunctions to separate the joints well.

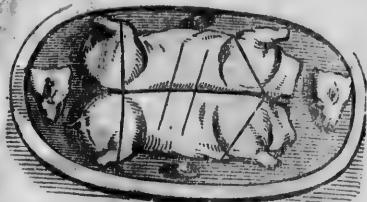
The dish upon which the article to be carved is placed should be conveniently near to the carver, so that he has full control over it; for if far off, nothing can prevent an ungracefulness of appearance, nor a difficulty in performing that which in its proper place could be achieved with ease.

In serving fish, some nicety and care must be exercised; here lightness of hand and dexterity of management is necessary, and can only be acquired by practice. The flakes which, in such fish as salmon and cod, are large, should not be broken in serving, for the beauty of the fish is then destroyed, and the appetite for it injured. In addition to the skill in the use of the knife, there is also required another description of knowledge, and that is an acquaintance with the best parts of the joint, fowl, or fish being carved. Thus, in a haunch of venison, the fat, which is a favourite, must be served with each slice; in the shoulder of mutton there are some delicate cuts in the under part. The breast and wings are the best parts of a fowl, and the tail of a woodcock on a toast is the choicest part of the bird. In fish a part of the roe, melt, or liver should accompany the piece of fish served. The list, however, is too numerous to mention here; and, indeed, the knowledge can only be acquired by experience. In large establishments the gross dishes are carved at the buffet by the butler, but in middle society they are placed upon the table. In the following directions on carving poultry, game, and other difficult dishes, accompanied by diagrams, we have endeavoured to be as explicit as possible; but while they will prove as landmarks to the uninitiated, he will find that practice alone will enable him to carve with skill and facility.

BOILED TONGUE.

Carve across the tongue, but do not cut through; keep the slices rather thin, and help the fat from underneath.

SUCKING PIG.



The cook should send a roast pig to table as displayed here, garnished with head and ears, carve the joints in the direction shown by the lines in the diagram, then divide the ribs, serve with plenty of sauce; should one of the joints be too much, it may be separated; bread sauce and stuffing should accompany it. An ear and the jaw are favourite parts with many people.

BOILED HAM.



Remove the legs and shoulders, they very easily separate, divide the back into two parts, and by holding the fork firmly in the back, and passing the knife underneath, near the middle, and bending it back, this is accomplished readily. The most tender part is on the loins, the meat there is of a very delicate flavour; liver should be helped with it.

ROAST TURKEY.

Poultry requires skillful carving; the requisites are grace of manner, ease in the performance, a perfect knowledge of the position of the joints, and the most complete mode of dissecting, so as to obtain the largest quantity of meat. In no case is this ability more demanded than in carving a roast turkey. Unless this is done well, there is not only much waste, but the appearance of the turkey is spoiled. You will commence by carving slices from each side of the breast, in the same directions as the lines marked in the engraving,

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cutting from A to B. Now remove the legs, dividing the thighs from the drumsticks, and here an instrument termed a disjoinder will be found serviceable, for unless the turkey be very young, and the union of the joints very accurately taken, dislocation becomes difficult: the disjoinder effects the separation at once, and it possesses also the advantages of enabling the carver to divide a thigh into two, thus permitting a less bulky portion of a part much esteemed to be served. The pinions and that portion of the body removed with it, are always a delicacy, and care should be taken to carve them nicely; the joint of the pinion will be found at B. The stuffing, whether truffles or whatever it may be made of, you will obtain by making an opening at C.

BOILED TURKEY.



Boiled turkey is trussed in a different fashion to the roast, but the same directions given for the first applies to the second. The legs in the boiled turkey being drawn into the body may cause some little difficulty at first in their separation, but a little practice will soon surmount it.

TURKEY POULTS.

Refer to directions for carving pheasants.

ROAST FOWL.

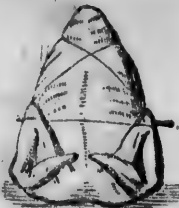


This operation is a nice and skilful one to perform; it requires both observation and practice. Insert the knife between the legs and the side, press back the leg with the blade of the knife, and the joint will disclose itself: if young it will part, but at best, if judiciously managed, will require but a nick where the joints unite. Remove your wing from D to B, cut through and lay it back as with the leg, separating the joint with the edge of your knife, remove the merrythought and neck bones next, this you will accomplish by inserting the knife and forcing it under the bones, raise it, and it will readily separate from the breast. You will divide the breast from the body by cutting through the small ribs down to the vent, turn the back uppermost, now put your knife into about the centre between the neck and rump, raise the lower part firmly yet gently, it will easily separate, turn the neck or rump from you, take off the side bones and the fowl is carved.

BOILED FOWL (breast).

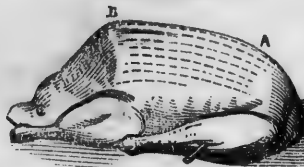


BOILED FOWL (back).



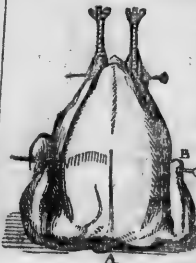
In separating the thigh from the drumstick you must insert the knife exactly at the joint, as we have indicated in the engraving; this however will be found to require practice, for the joint must be accurately hit, or else much difficulty will be experienced in getting the parts asunder. There is no difference in carving roast and boiled fowls, if full grown; but in a very young fowl when roasted, the breast is served whole. The wings and breast are in the highest favour, but the leg of a young fowl is an excellent part. Capons when very fine and roasted, should have slices carved from the breast.

ROAST GOOSE.



Follow with your knife the lines marked in the engraving, A to B, and cut slices, then remove the wing, and if the party be large, the legs must also be removed, and here the disjoinder will again prove serviceable. The stuffing, as in the turkey, will be obtained by making an insertion at the apron C.

PHASANT.

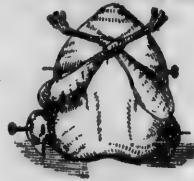


Clear the leg by inserting the edge of the knife between it and the body, then take off the wings, B to A, but do not remove much of the breast with them, you are thus enabled to obtain some nice slices; the pheasant is then carved as a fowl. The breast is first in estimation, then the wings, and after these the merrythought; lovers of game prefer a leg.

GUINEA FOWL are carved in the same manner.

PARTRIDGE.

Separate the legs, and then divide the bird into three parts, leaving each leg and wing together. The breast is then divided from the back, and helped whole, the latter being assisted with any of the other parts. When the party consists entirely of gentlemen only, the bird is divided into two by cutting right through from the vent to the neck.



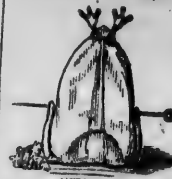
QUAILS, LANDRAIL, WHEATREAS, LARKS and all small birds are served whole.

GROUSE AND PLOVER are carved as partridges.

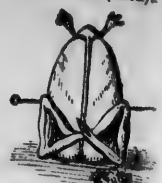
SNIPES and WOODCOCK are divided into two parts; the tail being served on a toast.

WILD DUCK AND WIDGEON. The breast of these fowls being the best portion, is carved in slices, which, being removed, a glass of old port made hot is poured in, the half of a lemon seasoned with cayenne and salt should then be squeezed in, the slices, relaid in their places, and then served, the joints being removed the same as in other fowl.

FIGGON (breast).



(FIGGON (back)).

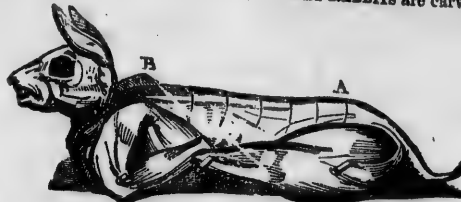


Like woodcock, these birds are cut in half, through the breast and back, and helped.

HARE.

Cut slices from B to A of moderate thickness. When the hare is young, you can, after removing the shoulders and legs, cut across the back, and divide it into several pieces; this is not practicable with a full grown hare, unless it is boned; the shoulders and legs are easily removed by placing the knife between them, and turning them back, the joint will disclose itself and can then be separated. The head should not be removed until the last, divide it from the neck, remove the lower jaw, then cut through the division which appears from the nose to the top of the skull, and lay it open. The stuffing should be given with whatever portion may be helped.

ROAST RABBITS are carved in the same manner.



A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

To secure the satisfactory and economical preparation of this favourite beverage, attention must be paid to several particulars which are frequently overlooked.

Water.—It is essential that the water employed in tea-making be good, fresh and soft. Hard-water sets the herb, and fails to draw out the flavour. Pond-water, or water that is stale, imparts an unpleasant and unwholesome taste of its own; either may be improved by filtering. A small portion of carbonate of soda is often employed to soften water for the making of tea, and is by some persons reckoned a matter of economy. It certainly does both draw out the goodness, and by heightening the colour of the liquor, gives the appearance of strength, but it destroys the fine flavour of the tea, and to those who know better is very disagreeable; however, where

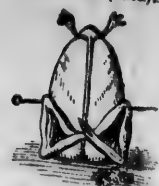
people are badly off for water, it may sometimes be useful. But let it be remembered that even a slight excess is intolerable; four or five grains is sufficient for a large pot of tea; it should be put dry into the tea-pot with the fresh tea. The above quantity would lie on the handle tip of a common-sized saltspoon.

Kettle.—A good kettle that shuts closely, and is free from fur. An oyster shell in a tea-kettle gathers the earthy particles to itself, and prevents furring. A kettle should never be suffered to stand by with a small quantity of water in it. As soon as done with, it should be drained dry, and well rinsed before filling. When filled, set it on the fire immediately, and let boil quickly.

Tea-pot.—A round tea-pot is found to draw better than an oval one. For material the preference is due in the following order:—Silver, foreign china, Britannia metal,

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Tea.—A sufficient quantity of good tea is essential: inferior tea is but water spoiled. Black tea is reckoned most wholesome, but a mixture of green is generally preferred; one ounce will make two quarts of good tea, not more. It is best to put in at once the whole quantity required, by adding a little and a little, the tea is not so well-flavoured, and does not go so far.

Mode of making.—Having the tea-pot heated as above indicated, see that the kettle is actually boiling at the moment of making tea, and not before. If the water is kept boiling some minutes before tea is made, or if it has ceased boiling and has to be made to boil up again, the tea is never well-flavoured. The tea-pot may be filled up at once, or "brewed," that is, put only a small quantity of water at first, just enough to wet the leaves, and let it stand two or three minutes before filling up; the latter mode draws all the goodness in the first filling; the former preserves an uniform goodness throughout, and a more delicate flavour. Tea should not stand more than from five to ten minutes before pouring out. The tea-pot, when on the tray, should always stand on a woollen-mat or rag, by which the heat is kept from passing off; and if the pot be entirely covered with a green baize or cloth bag, the effect will be still more improving to

the tea. Finally, To have a good cup of tea, it is necessary to have good sugar and cream (for those who can afford it) if those articles are used at all; and they mingle much more smoothly and pleasantly if put first in the cup, and the tea poured upon them.

A Substitute for Green Tea.—A sprig of rue, or a few black currant leaves, will give to black-tea the flavour of green. Choose young tender leaves, fresh gathered, and take care not to over-do in quantity; four currant leaves, or rather less of rue, are sufficient for a large pot of tea.

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE.

It is remarkable that so much as coffee is used in this country, the proper mode of preparing it as a beverage should be so little understood. Perhaps it is that most people consider coffee-making as too easy a process to need any pains at all; and for this reason the coffee served out at nine breakfast tables out of ten throughout the kingdom is a miserable muddy infusion, which people seem to drink only because, as washer-women say, it is "wet and warm."

The right way of making coffee is not less easy than the wrong one; there is no mystery about it. All that is required is the observance of a few simple rules.

We have known some people to put the coffee-powder into the coffee-pot with treacle or sugar, and then fill up with cold water, and boil the whole together. We hope there are not many who pursue such a mistaken practice. Others will make use of isinglass, or yolk of eggs, to "fine the liquor;" or at all events they must have a biggin, or a patent percolator. Now we know from long experience that none of these articles are necessary; we will undertake to make first-rate coffee, clear and bright, in a frying-pan. The ordinary coffee-pot is the most convenient and useful utensil for the purpose.

We come now to a few particulars which it will be desirable to bear in mind:—

1. The nature of coffee is such that it parts very easily with its aromatic, stimulating and other properties, a small quantity of water will draw out all the goodness quite as effectually as a large quantity; and it will do this if the coffee-berries be only bruised, or very coarsely ground. It is a grave mistake to suppose that coffee should be ground to a fine powder; extreme fineness is the great cause of "thick coffee" as prepared for breakfast.

In eastern countries, where people know what good coffee means, they always bruise the berries in a mortar. In fact the goodness of coffee depends more on the roasting, and the method of preparing afterwards, than on the quality of the berry, or any other particular.

2. Buy your coffee ready roasted, but not ground: that is, buy coffee-berries, and always choose such as are fresh roasted, in preference to stale. Observe also whether your grocer keeps the article properly shut up in tin canisters, or lets it lie about in open tubs or trays.

3. If possible, buy a coffee-mill, one that will grind very coarsely. The price varies from half-a-crown to five shillings. This article is so essential to a good cup of coffee, that no one who can afford the outlay should hesitate to buy one. Those who have a pestle and mortar may try the method of bruising; but whether a mill or a mortar, no more should be ground or crushed than is wanted for use at the time.

4. Coffee requires to be kept in a very dry place; and as it readily takes up the flavour of other articles near which it may be placed, it should be kept in an air-tight tin canister. If you buy tea and coffee at the same time, do not pack them in the same parcel or basket, or carry them in the same pocket, for the true flavour of both will be injured. We presume that no one will be so careless as to keep either tea or coffee in paper only, a wooden box would be better than this, but the tin canister is best of all.

5. Have a clean, dry, coffee-pot: it should always be rinsed out when put away, and turned down to drain.

6. To every half-pint of water, allow half-an-ounce of coffee-powder; have your kettle of water boiling, put the necessary quantity of powder into the coffee-pot, and pour in as much water from the kettle as you require. Set the pot on the fire for a few seconds, but on no account let the contents boil up; then pour about half-a-pint of the liquor into a cup, and pour it back again into the pot, and stand it on the hob or the fender to settle. If these directions have been properly followed there will be in three or four minutes, a pot of coffee as clear and well-tasted as any one could wish to drink. Should it be too strong you have only to use less of the coffee-powder. All the goodness is extracted with the first boiling: and those who wish to drink good coffee, must never boil the same grounds a second time.

7. The milk in all cases, must be boiled,

and used as hot as possible; and it should always be put into the cup with the sugar, before the coffee is poured in. When a cup of coffee is taken after dinner, it should be drunk without milk, and with very little or no sugar.

But of all the preparations of coffee, there is none equal to the French, known as *café au lait*, or milk-coffee. We have drunk it constantly for several years, and can pronounce it to excel all others as a breakfast beverage. In this there is more milk than water, and the coffee liquor is rather an essence than a decoction; it will be almost black in colour. The process to be followed is the same in most respects as above described (6); but instead of a quart or three pints, not more than a third of your usual quantity of water is to be poured on the full quantity of coffee-powder. After it has stood to settle, pour it carefully off the grounds into a jug or pitcher, which is to be kept hot by any convenient means. In this way the liquor, though black, will be perfectly clear. At the same time a quantity of milk, according to the wants of your party, must be boiled in a saucepan with a spout or lip. When this is ready pour it into your breakfast cups until they are three-parts full, or rather more, add the sugar, and then fill up with coffee from the jug, more or less according as you prefer it strong or weak.

Coffee made in this way, will be found more nutritious, and to possess greater richness and smoothness than can be attained by any other means.

MORNING PLEASURES.—Whoever is found in bed after six o'clock, from May-day till Michaelmas, cannot, in any conscience, expect to be free from some ailment or other, dependent on relaxed nerves, stuffed lungs, disordered bile, or impaired digestion. Nothing can be done—absolutely nothing—if you do not rise early, except dragging you with draughts—a luxury which the indolent morning sleeper must prepare himself to purchase dearly. We give him joy of his choice—bid him good bye, and springing out into the sunny air, we gather health from every breeze, and become young again among the glittering May dew, and the laughing May flowers. "What a luxury do the sons of sloth lose!" says Hervey, in his *Flowery Reflections on a Flower Garden*, "little, ah! little, is the sluggish sensible how great a pleasure he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal gratifications!" Be persuaded; make an effort to shake off the pernicious habit. "Go forth," as King Solomon says, "to the fields—lodge in the villages—get up early to the vineyards," mark the budding flowers—listen to the joyous birds—in a word, cultivate morning pleasures, and health and vigour will most certainly follow.

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POETICAL RECEIPTS.

By G. M. F. GLENNY.

PUFF PASTE.

To twelve ounces of flour, rub in with the hand
Half its weight of fresh butter, and then let it stand
While you get some spring-water to mix it up well;
Knead, and put the same by for ten minutes to swell,
Or to rise, if you like the term better; then roll
It out thin, laying on it (in pieces) the whole
Of six ounces of butter, and sprinkle it o'er
With some flour, then roll it out once or twice more.
After folding it up, in the usual way,
Put it by for an hour, but don't let it stay
Any longer, because if you do it will not
Be worth using, but heavy, and no one knows what.

A GOOD PASTE FOR MEAT OR SAVOURY PIES.

Take a pound of fresh butter—the best you can buy,
Wash it well in cold water, and soon as drained dry,
Rub it down with as much as a pound and a half
Of fine flour—which must not be mixed up with
chaff;

Break three eggs, but have only their yolks beaten
up,

In the usual way, in a basin or cup;

And when done mix the lot with a half-pint or more
Of spring-water, and roll it the same as before;
That is, double it up, and then have it rolled out
Two or three times at least, and 'twill do, I've no
doubt.

SWEET, OR SHORT, CRISP TART PASTE.

Rub five ounces of fresh butter down,
With ten ounces of flour, and two

Good sized eggs, beaten up nice and smooth,
With a whisk—or a teaspoon will do;

After which, get three ounces or four
Of loaf sugar, well pounded. Mix all

The ingredients with one pint of milk.
Knead it well, and 'tis ready for small

Or large tarts, which are much in request,
And especially this time of year,

When relations drop in by the score,
To partake of good English cheer.

TART PASTE FOR FAMILY PIES.

Rub in one pound of butter to double its weight
Of the best wheaten flour with care;

Mix the condiments up with spring water, say eight
Table spoonful or more, but beware

How you do it, because it should not be too thin;
After which, knead it well with the hand,

In the most approved way. But before you begin
Ask your friends, if you don't understand.

PASTE FOR STRINGING TARTLETS.

Mix four ounces of best wheaten flour with one
Of fresh butter,—and water,—and when it is done

Rub it over the board with your hand, till you find
It begins to string; then, with a knife of some kind,

Cut it up into bits about half an inch square,
Rolling each to the fineness of thread, as it were;

At least, when I say thread, I mean bobbin, of
course.

Well! when finished, you've only to lay them across
A mince-pie or a tart, in whatever device

You may choose to describe on the top, to entice.

PASTE FOR BOILED PUDDING.

Pick and chop very fine half-a-pound of beef suet
You need not take care, as you can't over do it.
To this, add of flour one pound and a quarter,
A small pinch of salt, and a little spring water,
Or milk—say the third of a pint. Mix, or beat it
Up well in a basin, then cook it and eat it.

MAIGRE PLUM PUDDING.

Simmer one pint of milk with two large blades of
mace,

And the rind of one lemon for twelve minutes;
Strain it into a basin to stand till 'tis cold;

In the meantime procure a large pan that will hold
Seven eggs. Beat them up with at least eight

or ten
Table spoonful of sugar—the moist kind will do,

A whole nutmeg grated, the fourth of a pound
Of the best wheaten flour: then beat all of these

Up together with care, adding milk by degrees:
And as soon as you've stirred them sufficiently

round,
Get six ounces of real Dorset butter, and break

It up into small pieces, with just the same weight
Of small bread-crumbs, eight ounces of currants

washed clean,
Five ounces of raisins—Malaga, I mean,

Chopped and stoned. Mix all these in a pan or
deep plate,

Lastly, butter a mould, and when this you have done,
Fill it up with the condiments mentioned, of

course;
Tie a cloth of some kind pretty tight o'er the top,

Put it into the saucepan, and there let it stop
For three hours. Then serve with the following

sauce.

SAUCE FOR MAIGRE PLUM PUDDING.

Get five ounces of butter, and melt it with care,
In the usual way, and, as soon as complete,

Put in one glass of brandy, and one ounce of white
Sugar pounded, and when you have mixed it all

right
It is ready for use. Well then sit down and eat.

A CUSTARD PUDDING.

Most persons who give a large party
Endeavour to make a display

Of the various dainties in season,
And 'tis to this class I would say

A few words on preparing a custard.
Which few housewives know how to make:

To perfection, although 'tis as simple
As most things. To do it well, take

A pint of new milk from the dairy,
And boil it a minute or two,

With some lemon peel cut up in pieces,
And cinnamon—small sprigs will do.

Beat the yolks of five eggs in a basin,
And add to them one pint of cream;

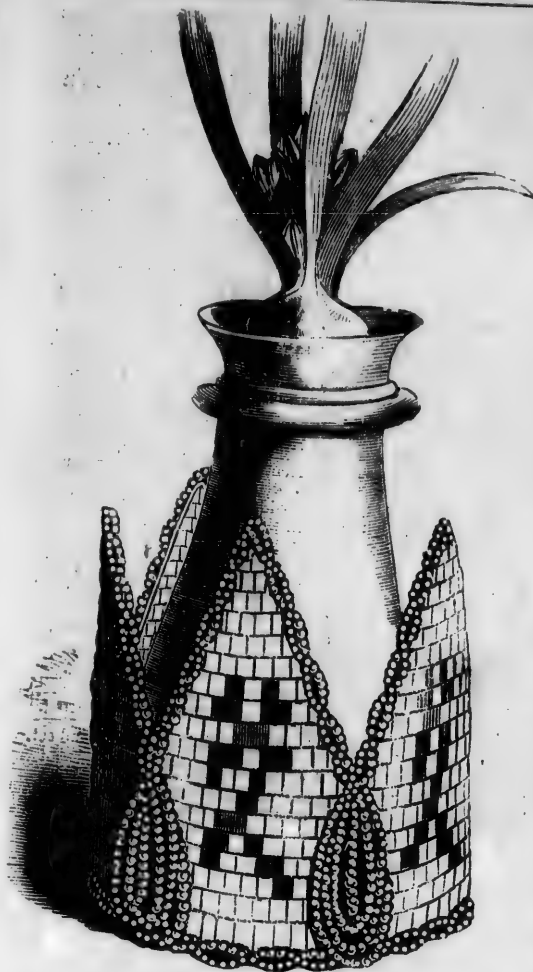
And as soon as the milk becomes seasoned,
Put in sugar—as much as you deem

Sufficient to answer the purpose;
And, when it is sweetened, procure

A pan that will take it in nicely—
A saucepan will do—and be sure

To stir it, the whole time it simmers,
One way, till as thick as you wish:

Flavour up with two spoonful of brandy,
And then turn it into a dish.



HYACINTH GLASS MAT. BY MRS. WARREN.

are at the plain end of the scallop, and fasten off with a button-hole stitch. (When the cotton requires to be joined, cut it off close to the eye of needle; thread another length, and fasten the ends with a weaver's knot to the ends of the used-up length. This knot will slip through the beads.) Now make another scallop the same, and join the side with the three projecting beads into the side of first scallop which has four, by

slipping the needle alternately through the projecting beads in each respective scallop, then pass the needle down through these beads again to the straight edge, where fasten off as before. Make five scallops and join, taking care that the last scallop has only three projecting beads on each side; now join on to the first scallop and fasten off.

To work the beads with wool.—In the

HYACINTH GLASS MAT.

Materials.—3 bunches of crystal German beads, the same kind which have been used for Mats, Table Covers, &c.; 8 strings of small crystal or chalk beads, which must be larger than sago seeds; 1 skein each of claret, scarlet, yellow, and shaded green wool; 1 skein of 8-thread shaded scarlet wool. A little silk piping cap wire; 1 reel No. 20, Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton; 1½ yards white blind cord. No. 2 Penelope Hook.

Double the cotton, tie a fine knot at the end; thread a bead, and pass the needle through the double end to secure the bead, (*this end is always the pointed one*). Now thread 17 more beads (18 in all); this forms one row. Turn back; thread a bead, keep it on the needle, which slip through the second bead on the cotton; thread another bead, which slip through next second bead; continue this to the end of row, which will be the pointed one. Turn back, and without threading on a bead, slip the needle through the first bead (where the cotton was secured). Now repeat as before, and continue each row the same till there are only four projecting beads left; observing always to slip the needle *without* threading a bead through the first bead in every row at the pointed end. Now slip the needle through all the slanting beads (two at a time) up to the point; slip the needle down the first bead (*where the cotton was secured*), and make the other half the scallop the same; finish the last row with 3 projecting beads instead of four. To fasten off the cotton, sew along the stitches which

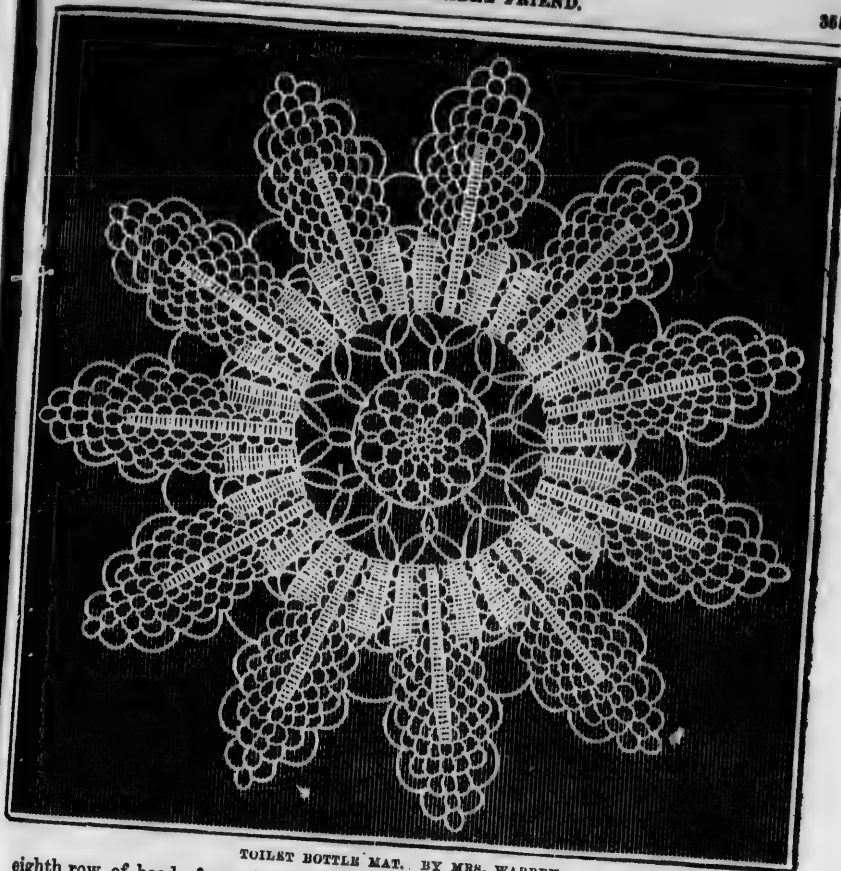
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GLASS MAT.

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TOILET BOTTLE MAT. BY MRS. WARREN.

eight row of beads from the point and in the second bead from the side, work one scarlet stitch, and another in the next bead; now one on the top of the last bead that was worked (this bead will be the third in seventh row from the point); miss one bead, pass the needle through the back, and work three more scarlet beads; the next two in the centre below are yellow, the next six arrange the same as the scarlet or claret; the green can be worked according to engraving or taste, and, if preferred, every flower may be different.

Take the wire and sew round the edge of the points, taking care not to bulge it out at the bottom of each scallop, but rather to contract it.

Fasten single cotton into a point, then five

small crystal beads, put the needle through the wire exactly the length of these five beads; this forms one stitch. Repeat this all round. This stitch must not be drawn too tight. This row of beads should come exactly at the edge. Now make another row the same, putting the needle through in the same place, but the beads will be in front, not at the edge; thus forming a chain all round.

Sew thickly a row of wire along the straight edge, which will make the work perfectly round; now crochet a small mat with blind cord to make the bottom, and sew to the bead work, or cut a circle in cardboard, and cover both sides with black velvet. Now make a border to hide the wire in the same manner and with the same beads as the edge.

For the Tassels.—Take double cotton and tie a knot in the end, thread thirty beads, pass the needle through the doubled end by the knot; thread thirty more and do the same; make four lengths of thirty beads; then sew on to the mat as in engraving.

TOILET BOTTLE MAT.

Materials.—1 Boet Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Boet's Head Cotton, No. 10. No. 3 Penelope Hook.

Make 30 ch (turn back), 29 De T, (or turn on reverse side), 3 ch 1 De in every 3rd loop for 4 times; 5 ch De in every 3rd loop for 5 times; 5 ch De on point; 5 ch De in same loop at point; 5 ch, and work the other side the leaf the same, observing to reckon the same number of chs on each side; 1 ch T; 3 De 1 ch u every 3 ch for 4 times; 3 ch De u 5; 5 ch De u 5 for 5 times; 5 ch De u 7; 7 ch De u 7; then 5 ch, and work the other side the leaf the same; 1 ch T, work De on the De; 3 De u 3 ch; 3 ch De u 5; 5 ch De u 5 for 4 times; 5 ch De u 7; 7 ch De u same; now 5 ch, and work the other side the same; at the end make 13 ch De on 1st De on other side of leaf without turning; now work De on all the De; 3 De u 3 ch; 5 ch De u 5 for 5 times; 5 ch De u 7; 7 ch De u same; 5 ch; work the other side the same; at the end make 9 ch De in 7th loop of the 13 ch; 11 ch De in same loop; 9 ch De on 1st De on other side of leaf, and fasten off. Make another leaf but not fasten off, and proceed to join thus—Place the 1st leaf at the back of the one just completed; De into 1st De in back piece; 1 ch De in 3rd De in front; 1 ch De in 3rd De in back; 1 ch De in 3rd De in front; 2 ch De in 3rd De at back; 2 ch De in 3rd De in front; 3 ch De in 3rd De at back; 3 ch De in 3rd De in front; 4 ch De in last of De at back; 4 ch De in last of the De in front. Fasten off. Continue to make and join these leaves till there are 11 made and joined together; the centre is put in afterwards, thus—Make 11 ch, unite in a circle; 3 ch De in every loop (11 chs of 3).

2nd.—1 L 5 ch u each 3 ch.

3rd.—2 L u each 5 ch 6 ch. Repeat.

4th.—4 De u 5 ch; * De u 11 ch of border (this is like a loop); 9 ch De u 5 ch of centre. Repeat from * At the end of round fasten off.

Round the edge of the leaves work thus—De u 7 ch at point of leaf; * 7 ch De u same; 7 ch De u 5; 11 ch De u 2nd 5 for twice; 7 ch De u 2nd 5 in next leaf; 11 ch De u 2nd 5 for twice; 7 ch De u 7 ch at point. Repeat from *.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

In the happy life of seventeen years of the fair Princess of England, who is just now an object of eager interest, admiration and love to the people of two nations, —in this hitherto short, but most bright and beautiful life, there is little that can be related in the way of a memoir, for it is veiled in that domestic privacy in which alone the youthful feminine character can be rightly developed. The Princess Royal was born in the year of the Queen's marriage, November, 21st, 1840, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the English public who regarded her as a new heir to the throne. Her christening was celebrated with signal grandeur, in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, and many eminent persons were present who have since passed from mortal scenes; foremost of these were the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Melbourne, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. Her Royal Highness was named Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, after her august mother and the Queen Dowager. The Princess was a fair and delicately formed girl, and has grown up as charming in person as she is accomplished in mind; her eyes are blue and of arch expression, and her movements are full of grace, dignity and ease. In 1841, the Prince of Wales was born, and the right of succession passed from the Royal Princess, but her rank as Princess Royal she retains for life. The early years of the Princess exhibits many pleasing and promising features.

During one of the cold and stormy nights of January 1843, the little Princess was awakened by the loud and frequent coughing of some one without, and starting up in alarm inquired of her sleepy attendant what it was. On being informed that it was the sentinel on duty on the terrace (Windsor) beneath the tower, the Princess observed, "Oh, poor fellow, he has got a very bad cough;" and after repeated expressions of sorrow for the "poor soldier out in the cold," again fell asleep. The weather continued for several days unfavourable, but one

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mirable mother.

morning preparations were made for Her Royal Highness and her little brother to take their usual airing; and when the party had reached the terrace from the postern door, the Princess was again startled by the well-remembered sound which had disturbed her slumber a few nights before, and, breaking from her attendants, ran up to the sentinel on duty, an old grenadier, and addressed him, "How is your cough to-day, soldier? I hope it's better." The surprise and pleasure of the soldier was great when told, by the attendants, that it was the Princess Royal who had made this kind enquiry. But neither his surprise nor his pleasure ended here; for the Queen, hearing of the sympathy expressed by her little first-born, sent a present of two guineas, as a cure for the "poor soldier's very bad cough."

Another trait of a most striking character will show the quick intelligence of the Royal child when in her third year only. Debarred the possession of an object which, with the eagerness of infancy, she endeavoured to obtain, and being refused by her illustrious mother, she advanced in anger to the latter, crying, "Queen, Queen, make them obey me!" How acutely the infantine mind must have blended station and command! The appeal proved irresistible.

The present alliance, we believe, has long been in contemplation by the two royal families, and most truly do we wish it "God Speed." The Princess was first publicly presented to the English people, with the Prince of Wales, at the opening of the Coal Exchange, in the City of London, when in her tenth year; they were received with much warmth of feeling. Since the engagement of Her Royal Highness to Prince William of Prussia, the royal pair have been often before the public, who take the liveliest interest in their future prospects; we can only add our own voice to the general congratulations, and we trust, that if it be the lot of our Princess Royal hereafter to ascend the throne of Prussia, she may adorn that high station with the queenly and domestic virtues of her admirable mother. And may we add

another earnest hope, that as this treasured and beloved young princess must pass from among us to a land of strangers, she may receive all that affectionate consideration for her happiness which she so well merits, and may never have cause to regret leaving the land of her birth, or the incomparable family circle in which she has been reared. The three phases of her young life have thus been poetically referred to by Mr. E. L. Hervey.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE rang an echo through her childhood's ear
Voicing the deeds of a now silent age—
Silent, but O not dead! Her hearted tear
Did generous drop upon the heroic page
Of England's story. Touched with each great
line,

'Mid the proud freedom which her sire inherit
Soared day by day the young ennobled spirit
Thrilled by the soul of chivalry divine.
So grew she, strong yet tender, as a flower
Reared 'neath the shelter of her native oak,
That country's memories her richest dower
Which never forged a chain or brooked a yoke.
So thrilled she to the music of her land,
Like some fine lyre touched by a master-hand.

GIRLHOOD.

There is a spirit looking from her eyes
Which speaks her still a daughter of her clime:
For her, like sweetest incense, shall arise
These newer glories born to later time,
For her, and for her royal house—nay, more,
For each dear hearth and altar of her land,
As in the old heroic age of yore,
The lances of the free are laid in rest:
Britain's true sons, the self-same hero-band,
Mute-standing round the footsteps of the throne,
Wait but her call; and to her least behest
Would legions spring. It may be there is one
True knight who bears the colours on his breast
Of this "fair vestal throned in the west."

BRIDEHOOD.

There is a voice shall speak unto her soul
Before whose might even glory's self grows
dim;
Dear as to soldier is the trumpet-roll,
Dear as to mariner the home-sung hymn
Across the waste of waters. May it dawn
For her like morning on some upland lawn
Of her own English pastures! None the less
Her native seas shall in her heart be shrined,
With all their glorious histories entwined,
Though alien shores her plighted foot shall
press:
Passing from clime to clime, like some bright bird,
Whose radiant wing blest airs from heaven have
stirred:
The summer of the heart goes with her—but still
true,
Memory shall haunt the region whence she flew.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"TRY AND TRUST."

(Suggested by reading the beautiful and affecting Tale under that title in the *Family Friend*. Vol., 1856.)

"Try and trust!" soul-stirring maxim!
Who can estimate its worth
To the struggling, persecuted,
And afflicted child of earth?
Trials, troubles, and afflictions
Come to all, and come they must;
But they vanish when we meet them
With the watch-word "Try and trust!"

Life's a pilgrimage—a journey
Through a wilderness, beset
With a host of difficulties,
To be conquered as they're met:
Thorns and briars, snares and pit-falls,
Numberless our path bestrew;
But, adhering to *this* maxim,
We are led in triumph through!

Life's a dark and dangerous voyage
O'er a wide tempestuous sea
Fraught with rocks, and shoals, and quicksands
Dire, and difficult to flee.
But, 'mid dangers seen and unseen,
There's a pilot near at hand;
Be but to *this* watch-word faithful,
And he'll steer you safe to land!

Life's a "race," too, and a "warfare;"
Keep ye then the goal in view,
Through the one, and for the other,
Gird yourselves and fight it through.
Fear not nobly to encounter
This or that, but onward speed,
And, if ye would be victorious,
"Try and trust," and you'll succeed!

Young and old, henceforth *this* maxim
For your future watchword take,—
Be it on your hearts engraven,
Love it for its author's sake.
For, be sure, 'tis Heaven-descended,—
God, the great, the good, the just,
In his Word, exhorts his children
Everywhere to "Try and Trust!"

C. W. F.

THE RAINBOW.

Sometimes amid the darkened sky,
A beauteous rainbow meets the eye,
Sparkling amid the drops of rain
We hail its glorious hues again.

Emblem of brighter days to come,
When life's sad pilgrimage is done;
Those glorious tints which gild the sky,
Remind us of our home on high.

The rainbow, with its colours bright,
Will soon be hidden from our sight,
It shows us earthly things decay,
Withers, and fade, and pass away.

DELTA.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Hath the past for thee been teeming
With a bright unclouded joy?
Hath no vain, and idle dreaming
Mixed with life, its base alloy?
Hath thy days been full of lightness?
Hath thy nights been free from care?
Hath no shadow dimmed earth's brightness?
Still thou needest to beware!
Happy hours, too quickly fleeting,
Soon are numbered with the past;
Joy and sorrow oft are meeting,
Like the sunbeam and the blast.

Art thou one whom grief and sadness,
Mark for their especial prey?
Doth no cheering beam of gladness,
Light thee on thy toilsome way?
Doth no rose with their beauty,
Hide the thorns that grow beneath?
Hath not the stern path of duty,
To adorn it, one bright wreath?
Still, despair not! dark and dreary,
Though, may be thy present life;
'Tis the heart's that never weary,
Who are victors in the strife.

Hath thy past been full of gladness?
Nerve thee for the coming strife!
There are bitter drops of sadness
Mingled in the cup of life.
Sorrow is no idle fiction,
But a yoke we all must share;
Yet, remember, in affliction
When it seemeth hard to bear,
Sooner, when the storm is strongest,
Will its fury pass away;
When the night hours seem the longest
Brighter dawns the coming day.

Hath thy cup of life been freighted
With a load of grief and scorn?
Hath thy spirit ever mated
With the wretched and forlorn?
Struggle onward, still keep trying,
Happier days are yet in store.
Think how quickly time is flying!
Think how soon will life be o'er!
And thy spirit worn and weary
As the bird, that seeks her nest
Through the tempest dark and dreary,
Gladly folds her wings to rest!
Thou shalt see the sunbeams waking
From the slumbers of the night,
And the stormy darkness breaking
Into floods of heavenly light!

M. W. MERITT.

A SIMILE.

FAR, far below the dashing wave,
The costliest pearls abide;
Deep in the caverns of the earth,
The brightest diamonds hide;
And so 'tis in the human heart
The noblest thoughts lie deep,
Like gems that hidden from the light,
Unknown, unvalued sleep.

M. W. MERITT.

CHRISTMAS.

BIRTH.

Hark! celestial
"Glory be
Heaven's name
With angels
"Peace on
All earth

Shepherds first
Tending flock
Joyful listen
Given in man
Cherubim
Join in song

Lo, upon a low
See the God
Come to live on
Then upon
Thus was
Here fulfilled

WELCOME.

Happy, happy,
Hail'd in every
Day of all the year
Welcome merry

Clothed in garb
Arm'd with Wh
Jovial as a Sun
Never felt, but

Schoolboys' faces
Welcome thee
Home they hasten
To join the revel

Youths and maid
Though thou art
Of a year whose
Ere we fancy it

Yes, glad Christmas
Hails thy jovial
Welcome, joyous
Day of all the year

O CHRISTMAS, MERRY.

O Christmas, m
Again is draw
Then let us mee
He comes but

But once a year
With mistletoe
And may the sun
Shine on our

O merry, merry
To every heart
O let us spend it
For 'tis but on

CHRISTMAS WITH OUR POETS.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Hark! celestial choirs are singing
 "Glory be to God on high,"
 Heaven's azure vault is ringing
 With angelic minstrelsy;
 "Peace on earth, to man goodwill,
 All ethereal space doth fill.

Shepherds first receive the tidings,
 Tending flocks on Bethlehem's plains;
 Joyful listen to the guidings
 Given in music's magic strains.
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Join in one harmonious hymn.

Lo, upon a lowly manger,
 See the God incarnate lie;
 Come to live on earth a stranger,
 Then upon the cross to die;
 Thus was God's redeeming plan,
 Here fulfill'd for thee, O man.

BETA.

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

Happy, happy, happy time,
 Hail'd in every christian clime,
 Day of all the year the best;
 Welcome merry Wint'ry guest.

Clothed in garb of purest white,
 Arm'd with Winter's blust'ring might,
 Jovial as a Summer day,
 Never felt, but press'd to stay.

Schoolboys faces shining bright,
 Welcome thee "with all thy might,"
 Home they hasten at thy call,
 To join the revels of the Hall.

Youths and maidens love thee well,
 Though thou art the passing knell
 Of a year whose race is run,
 Ere we fancy it begun.

Yes, glad Christmas, every one
 Hails thy jovial reign begun;
 Welcome, joyous wint'ry guest,
 Day of all the year the best.

BETA.

O CHRISTMAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

O Christmas, merry Christmas
 Again is drawing near,
 Then let us meet him joyfully,
 He comes but once a year.

But once a year we greet him
 With mistletoe and bays,
 And may the sun of happiness
 Shine on our Christmas days.

O merry, merry Christmas
 To every heart is dear,
 O let us spend it happily,
 For 'tis but once a year.

H. L. G. D.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come away all to the Christmas tree,
 Come, boys and girls, come merrily;
 The fairies are dancing from bough to bough,
 Come, come, come, they wait for you now.

Come while the tree is gay and bright,
 Come while its branches are sparkling with light
 The fairies will shower their gifts on you,
 Come and see if I say not true.

Come, come away.

A. DE YOUNG.

A GARLAND OF ROSES.

Oh! the spring hath its roses—sweet primroses,
 They smile on the sterile brake;
 And days grow lighter, warmer, and brighter,
 For theirs and their sisters' sake.—
 Their sisters, the violets purple and white,
 On whose birth days the wild birds sing songs of
 delight.

And the summer hath roses—regal roses,
 Oh! proud are their crimson smiles—
 And lovely the flush of each fragrant blush
 Of these birds of the flowers of our isles.
 And the fountains leap up with exultant bliss,
 As they dimple their streams with a perfum'd kiss.

But the winter hath roses—Oh! darling roses,
 They bloom 'neath the "Christmas Tree,"
 And of all the flowers of earth's blest bowers,
 Oh! they are most dear to me!
 For these rose-buds of bliss breathe sweet musical
 words,
 Dearer far than the murmurs of fountains and
 birds.

ROWLAND BROWN.

A CHRISTMAS DIRGE.

Mournfully, slowly,
 Bears on the bell,
 That tolls in the stillness,
 The year's dying knell.

'Tis a deep-swell'ing tone of a string that is broken
 'Tis a hushed holy whisper that's solemnly spoken,
 A string from Time's harp, which its maker doth
 sever,

A whisper from Heaven of the boundless for ever.

Calmly, thoughtfully,
 Ponder and look,
 With feelings of sorrow,
 On memory's book.

Consider the days of the year that is fled,
 And how it was spent, that is silent and dead.
 Bethink thee of sorrows that chastened thee sore,
 And remember the ones who have hastened before

Peacefully, cheerfully
 Go on thy way,
 Thy time is but short
 In this world to stay.

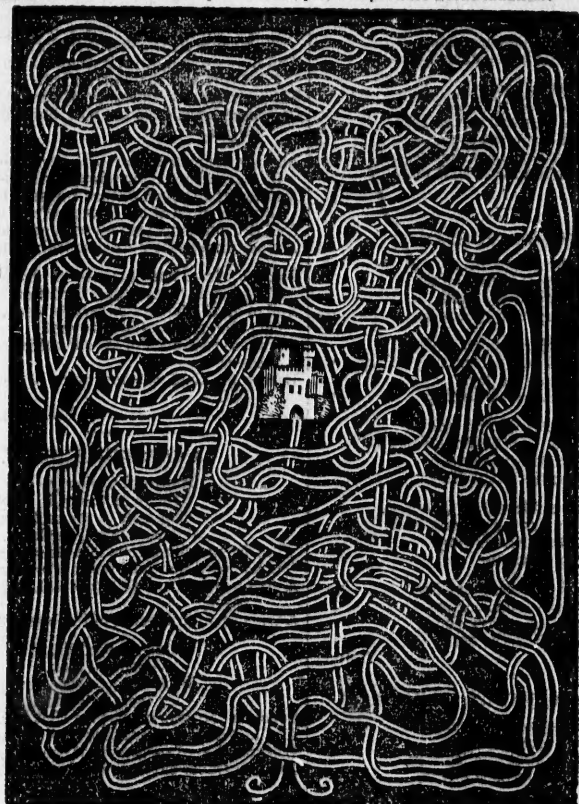
Mourn, mourn for the errors of days that are gone,
 With strengthened resolves press upward and on;
 And though there be spots that may darken with
 gloom,

Look up to the daylight above the cold tomb.

JAMES DAVIES.

A CHRISTMAS MAZE.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TRAVELLER THROUGH THE MAZE.—The instructions for this seasonable fireside amusement are as follow:—The Traveller must enter at the opening at the foot, and must pass between the lines forming the road to the Castle in the middle. There are no bars in the route: one road crosses another by means of a bridge, so that care must be taken that, in following the route, the traveller does not stray from one road to another, and thus lose the track. For instance, on entering, he will have to pass under



a bridge of another road crossing over his path: in continuing the route he will next pass over a bridge crossing another road; and thus continue his course. A little practice will accustom the traveller to the method of the Maze. It is not a fair test of the merits of the Maze to commence from the centre; but the traveller will be at full liberty, when he has entered the Castle, to get out again if he can.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

THE BRAN PIE.

This substitute for a Christmas tree, if not so elegant, yet generally causes more amusement. The presents intended for distribution, should each be wrapped in paper and placed in a plate basket. This must be filled with bran. Each of the company, with a large spoon, dive by turns into the bran and whatever they draw up, is their's. Often the spoon is found to contain nothing but bran, and the unlucky person loses his turn. Blanks, that is, pieces of wood or cork, wrapped in paper, like the presents may be placed in the pie, and produce great laughter.

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.

The players should stand in a ring, holding hands. In the middle, put a hassock turned on one end. The object of the game is, by pulling and pushing your neighbours as you run round the mat, to make them overturn it, and to avoid doing it yourself. If any one upsets it, he is out of the game. The players go on till there is only one left, and this one is the winner of the game.

This novel
fun.

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TOMBOLA.

This novel game is productive of much fun.

The mistress of the house who desires to set up a lottery, should have provided beforehand a number of fancy articles, toys, and elegant nicknackeries; and among these should be prepared one in particular, destined to the discomfiture of some luckless expectant. This lot should be carefully enveloped in several wrappers of tissue paper, and well laid up in cotton, and may consist of any absurd and childish, or worthless article. It should be placed the last according to the law of gradation observed with respect to the remaining lots, set out upon the table and left uncovered. When the time of drawing has arrived, the master of the house takes a pack of cards, which he distributes among the drawers, according to their several wishes—an agreed price being set upon each card. When this is done he takes another pack, from which a number of cards are drawn without being looked at, equal to the number of lots, and one is placed under each. He then turns up the remainder of the pack, laying down each card in succession and calling it out. The drawer who has a similar card to the one called out, places his beside it. When the whole are thus gone through, those who remain holders of cards corresponding to those under the lots are declared the winners; but of what, remains to be seen. The card under each lot is called out, beginning with the first; and the drawer who holds a similar one carries off the lot. Thus in succession through all the lots, until the last, or the great "sell" lot.

So much for the technical arrangement of the game; now let us sketch its dramatic effect—the movement and excitement to which it gives rise. As one by one the cards in the drawer's hand are proclaimed worthless, the laugh at their disappointment stimulates them to make another venture, and a general bidding takes place for those that remain; and as their number diminishes, and the consequent probability of any one of them becoming a prize proportionately increases, they fetch higher and still higher prices. The anxiety—the mingled hope and fear with which all eyes are fixed on the card about to be turned up, are emotions which not the coolest and soberest of the company can guard against; and when, at last, the lots are distributed to the winners, the trepidation of each, lest his prize entitle him to the honour of contributing to the general mirth by being presented with the "sell," and having deliberately to unfold layer after layer of paper and wool until he reaches the kernel of the mortifying joke which is cracked against him.

The mistress of the house retains from the proceeds of the lottery the cost of the various articles drawn for, and the remainder is devoted to some charitable purpose.

THE DEAF MAN.

The person on whom this temporary infirmity is imposed must stand out in the middle of the room, and to all that is said must answer three times following: I am deaf; I can't hear." The fourth time, however, the answer must be, "I can hear." The fun to all but the unfortunate victim

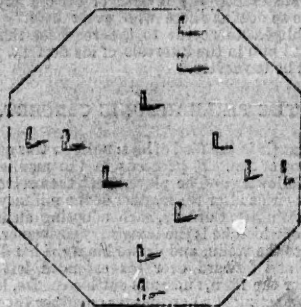
is for the first three times to make the deaf man some agreeable proposal, such as bringing a lady to him and asking him to salute her, to which he is obliged to turn a deaf ear; while the fourth time he is requested to perform some humiliating act, such as to take a lady to another gentleman to salute, sing a comic song, recite extempore verses in praise of the lord mayor, dance a horn-pipe, &c.; and to all these agreeable invitations his ears must be suddenly open. In fact, he must illustrate exactly the inverse of the old proverb, "none so deaf as those who won't hear." He is not obliged to accede to the requests that are made to him in the intervals of his deaf fit. This would be too severe.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

If music is the food of love: noise in this game is the food of fun. It proceeds in the manner and form following:—The players seat themselves and form a circle after the manner of the military band in Kensington Gardens, each adopting an instrument of which he is the imaginary performer. One chooses the violin, and draws his right hand backward and forward over his extended left arm; another the horn, and puffs out his cheeks, imitating the acting of a horn-player; another the piano, and strums with his hands upon his knees; another the harp, taking a chair or any other suitable piece of furniture to figure as an Erard;—and so on through as many instruments as there are performers, some of them being absurdly out of place in an orchestra, such as a Jew's-harp, pan-pipes, and a hurdy-gurdy. Drums, tambourines, cymbals, triangles, and all sorts of noisy instruments may be introduced if the assembly be numerous enough, and add marvellously to the general effect. Each player must imitate the action, and, as well as he is able, the sound proper to the instrument on which he is supposed to be an executant, adopting any artificial tune best suited to its peculiar character; and the utmost ardour and enthusiasm must be thrown into the various gestures of the performers. The spectacle which is then presented by this orchestra of imaginary musicians, all playing *con furore*, is irresistibly ludicrous, and renders the gravity, which is prescribed on pain of a forfeit, a sheer impossibility. In the midst of the circle the conductor takes his post, astraddle on a chair, with the back before him, in such a sort as to figure a disk, on which he beats time. He may get himself up after the similitude of the great Monsieur Julien, whose attitudes and gestures, at the most excited pitch of his last "universal smash" polka, may be adopted as a model, but will need no exaggeration to be made as amusing as those of the orchestra which he directs. In the midst of the indescribable confusion of sounds over which he triumphantly presides, the conductor suddenly singles out one of the performers, and asks him why he is at fault. The individual so addressed must at once, and without a moment's hesitation, give some answer corresponding to the nature of his instrument:—for instance, the fiddler may say his bow wanted rosin, the harp-player that one of the strings had broken, the clarinet-player that his instrument was broken-winded. Any failure to do this, or any repetition of an excuse previously given will necessitate a forfeit.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

1. [nor round,
I have a piece of ground, which is neither square
But an octagon; and this I have laid out [retain
In a novel way, though plain, in appearance and
Three posts in each compartment; but I doubt
Whether you discover how I apportioned it, e'en tho'
I inform you 'tis divided into four. [delight.
But, if you solve it right, 'twill afford you much
And repay you for the trouble, I am sure.



GEO. M. F. GLENNY.

2.

PUZZLE PURSE.

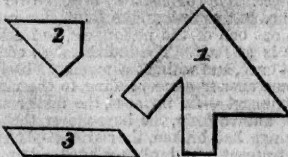


With a piece of Morocco, or
any other suitable material,
let a purse be constructed
similar to the one given be-
low. The puzzle is to open
the same without removing
any of the rings.

IAGO FFYNONAV.

3.

Upon a piece of cardboard draw
The three designs below;
I should have said of each shape four,
Which, when cut out, will show,
If joined correctly, that which you
Are striving to unfold,—
An octagon, familiar too
My friends, both young and old.



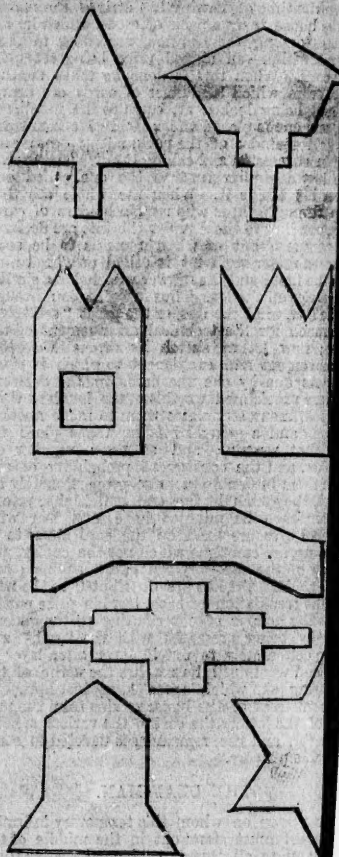
GEO. M. F. GLENNY.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

Take a piece of stiff cardboard, let the same
be formed and marked thus—

CHAR

say five inches long, by one inch broad; cut
into eleven pieces, and with them represent, es-
sentially, a well-known part of the city of London.
Again, by reversing the lettered part, form
various figures given below.

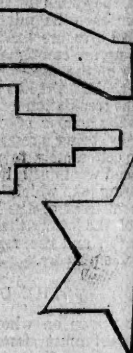
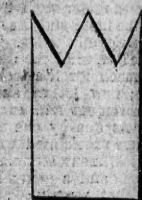


IAGO FFYNONAV.

PUZZLES.

rdboard, let the same

one inch broad; cut
with them represent, e
part of the city of Lond
lettered part, form
w.



Lago Ffynno